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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There are people who think a debate in the House of Commons should never be anything more than a "businesslike discussion": that there should never be the least tinct of oratory—which they regard as "tall talk"—and that literary niceties and classic touches should be shunned. We dislike that point of view. It is as if a man were to insist that the Houses of Parliament ought to be plain, square businesslike buildings—none of your fine towers and traceries and Gothic decorations. Full-dress debates are not so good to listen to and read as they were in the days of the giants, but happily the House of Commons can still rise to occasions. The debate on the third reading of the Finance Bill began well with a speech by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who has steadily enhanced his reputation. Then followed a part that was spoilt by a brutal personal incident, but there were notable speeches at the close.

Mr. Lloyd George made a good speech on the last evening of the debate. In some of his platform speeches during the last few months he has reminded one extremely of Mr. Chamberlain's platform speeches in the unauthorised programme days, when the Lords were likened to lilies. Some of our own people may be a little shocked when we say this (for people forget what they said in 1880 or 1885); but it is true; it is not so singular, for Mr. Lloyd George has always been a great admirer of Mr. Chamberlain. Later, Mr. Balfour presented the now familiar and accepted arguments against the measure with that rarity of expression which makes his speeches so good in the reading. The curiosa felicitas in words does not make a great leader of men, yet it is a precious gift. Mr. Balfour also showed a fervour in his speech on Thursday which is valuable. The talk about his being a cold detached philosopher and so forth is about half a truth, we imagine: it is just about as true as saying

that Mr. Asquith is the mere advocate. The philosopher, the advocate and the "little Welsh attorney"—the public loves such nicknames.

In the old days, in Parliament and out of Parliament, the custom was this: when you were called a frigid and calculating liar and a dishonour to your country, you fought a duel—and were quite likely spitted as well as called harsh names. And what is the up-to-date custom? Is it to take a libel action or demand an inquiry? Certainly not: the right course and safe course is to furbare about among your accuser's past speeches, letters, telegrams, anything, and try to prove triumphantly that he himself is not above suspicion. Then all your friends cheer greatly, and the Prime Minister praises you and reprobates your accuser.

When Brougham—we think it was Brougham—called Canning a liar in the House by simply saying a statement of his was untrue, Canning sat down; and everybody knew what that meant. What an absurd course! What he ought to have done of course was to get up and suggest that Brougham was something of a liar himself. The passages between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ure, Lord Advocate, in the debate invite some reflections of the kind. For the rest, we suppose that everybody is now satisfied; and that "honour" is satisfied.

The Commons have refused all the vital amendments made by the Lords to the Housing and Town Planning Bill. Those amendments hang together and stand for a single principle. What the Lords have tried to do all along is to save for the individual or the local authority the right of appeal against the fiat of the Local Government Board. It is the appeal only which they have endeavoured to save. Thus in the matter of compulsory purchase the Board was to have its way unless its decision was appealed against. If an appeal were made, an arbitrator was to be called in. It was the appeal again—this time to the county court—that the Lords insisted upon in their amendment concerning the compulsory execution of repairs. Throughout it was the same, whether the appeal went to an arbitrator, to the county court, or to Parliament itself. This principle of the appeal has been refused by the Commons. The reasons given were childish. It costs time and money to maintain any system of national or

personal protection. That is no argument for disbanding the Army or closing the courts. Mr. Burns' strongest weapon—the citation of the Small Holdings Act—broke in his hand. Mr. Lyttelton exposed his generalities with a concrete case.

While these disputes as to town planning are in hand, the Mansion House Council on Housing goes steadily on with its useful work. On Thursday its annual meeting was addressed by Councillor J. S. Nettlefold, of Birmingham, who told of the work similar to that of the Mansion House Council done by the Birmingham Corporation. The keynote of both has been the enforcement of existing laws on the owners of insanitary property. For many years the Council as a private body has shown what the London boroughs as public bodies ought to do more systematically on the model of the Birmingham Corporation. There is not the co-operation amongst them there ought to be, and it may be hoped that a conference such as Mr. Nettlefold suggested between municipal authorities, commercial and philanthropic companies, and other bodies will be arranged. It would stimulate a desire for common action and show the necessity for a common method in dealing with the housing problem in London.

Apparently everybody is not made quite happy by the dexterous settlement of the Marylebone squabble after all. At any rate, we are not. It appears that Mr. Jebb, who has caused all the trouble, insists on going on, though Lord Robert Cecil has retired to Blackburn. To say the least of it, this is grossly ill manners. The only courteous, in fact the only decent, thing to do was for him to make away with himself with the disappearance of Lord Robert. This was so obvious that everyone naturally supposed that with Lord Charles Beresford's acceptance of Lord Robert's reversion the whole matter would be smoothed out to every Unionist's satisfaction. Lord Charles as sole Unionist candidate would be perfectly safe to keep the seat. Mr. Jebb going on is mere fooling. He has not the ghost of a chance of getting in. The utmost he can do is to let in a Radical. The majority of Unionists in the division, Tariff Reformers as much as others, wish Lord Robert to represent them; and these certainly will not vote for Mr. Jebb because he happens to be a Tariff Reformer. It is time this mischievous person were suppressed.

Neither are things quite righted at Oxford. Dr. Evans persists with his idle candidature. He and his friends had a meeting this week. Dr. Evans' only argument in favour of himself is that the opposition to him is clerical. Well, the clericals are an extremely important and historic factor in Oxford. Why should they not be represented? But, in fact, Lord Hugh Cecil has a far wider support than that. He has the support of those who value high character, extreme ability, and the associations of a great name. Dr. Evans will find these far more numerous than his purely partisan following. Sir William Anson, we note, has agreed to stand along with Lord Hugh, which finally puts Dr. Evans out of court.

Not having become a member of the House of Lords, as the Nationalists of Longford advised him to do, Mr. Redmond is now going to pass a satisfactory Land Bill "on the hillsides of Ireland". Does it mean cow-hunting? The "University" is secured, and there is now no such reason to "give Birrell a chance"; but, on the other hand, the bishops are committed to the disturbing declaration that cow-hunting is "immoral". The new canon was imposed but quite recently, and cannot conveniently be put out of sight as earlier declarations can among a people who do not read history. However, there are numerous other offences that can be cultivated for "the undying character of the national spirit".

Since the "National President" of the Molly Maguires, supported by his "State chaplain", visited Ireland last summer they have been discussing in Dublin what "concessions" they would make to Ger-

many for destroying the British Empire and "making Ireland free". Some suggest a new volunteer force to be maintained at Ireland's expense under German orders, but the most favoured proposal is a gift of Kinsale harbour as a naval station. It is just as well that Germany should know what is to be done in Dublin for her, and she will be the better for understanding also the fact that an Irishman, in Ireland, is never prepared to give anything for his country's freedom. His way is rather to get something for it. "Thank God, I've had a country to sell" is a famous Irish saying, and no one ever thinks of connecting it with any other people.

The municipal elections in London leave the Progressives still dejected. They are as they were at the famous election of 1906. Both Municipal Reformers and Progressives won or lost in this borough or that; but none of the Progressive gains can be compared with that of the Municipal Reformers in Battersea. Twenty-seven seats won by them there leave Battersea with only two Progressive representatives. In due course the Municipal Reformers will choose their own Mayor for the first time in Battersea history. Labour and Socialist candidates in London generally gained seven seats; but the avowed Socialists did not improve their position. In the country the Labour and Socialist gains together were seventeen, but Unionist and Liberal gains and losses balanced one another almost exactly.

Sir John Cockburn has been busy noting "signs of Imperial solidarity", and he duly set them forth in his Colonial Institute lecture this week. South African Federation, the Press and Defence Conferences, Empire Day, and the like are among the events which Sir John Cockburn regards as making for unity. But as what he calls Imperial democracy appears to depend for its success on the gradual disappearance of central authority, it is questionable whether the signs are all that he suggests. Nor are we reassured by such comments on his paper as were made by Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Frederick Young. Lord Charles welcomes the idea of colonial navies, and even proposes that they should carry their own flag, so that in the interchangeability of Imperial forces they should never lose their distinctive character. Sir Frederick Young urges that the colonies should be called colonies no longer, but nations. Imperial unity is the thing to work for in both our own and colonial interests, but the signs seem a little contrary at times.

Señor Moret has endorsed the statement that the attitude of the Riff tribesmen is now favourable to peace. The change is not due to anything done by the new Spanish Government, but to the excellent account General Marina's army has given of itself, to the desire of the tribesmen to prepare for the next harvesting season, and perhaps to orders from Fez. Mulai Hafid is confronted with many difficulties besides those incidental to the Spanish campaign. France and Germany are pressing for a settlement of outstanding claims, and new complications are ahead unless he can come to some arrangement. There is talk of a French loan, but France will hardly be eager, after wasting so much blood and treasure in Morocco, to find the money necessary to relieve Mulai Hafid. With a bankrupt exchequer at Fez and the Spaniards masters of the Riff the Moorish outlook is sufficiently dark.

The Greek Prime Minister must be at the end of his wits. He stands for constitutional government by the army—a difficult position. It was a position that Lieutenant Typaldos could not understand, with the result that he took away the Greek arsenal for a few hours. He did not see why the Ministry should draw the line at a Bill relating to persons. Since such Bills are the only Bills that are of any real interest to the Greek politician, it was like drawing the line at any Bill at all. And so a hasty demonstration was made with torpedoes in order to persuade the Prime Minister and his colleagues that a personal Bill was right and proper

in the circumstances. This was all very natural. The strange thing about it was that it did not succeed. It will be a still stranger thing if the brave Typaldos is punished. Some words of Lear may be adapted: "Thou shalt not die. Die for high treason! No."

While the Greeks were busy demonstrating the futility of Greek politics the Germans were doing honour to Mommsen. The coincidence is an arresting one. Greek politics to-day are what they were a century before the Roman Empire, an object-lesson in the tragic-comedy of the small State that pretends to be great on the score of its memories. The immortal ridicule poured by Mommsen upon the Greek patriots, who withheld the Roman advance and could neither wisely submit nor forcefully resist, is a ridicule that every effete little nation must encounter when Empire is battering at the gate. The stern justice of history pronounces always in the same way. Greece to-day is ridiculous, as it was two thousand years ago. Mommsen is honoured in Berlin.

M. Briand pleases nobody except when he is speaking. This is the penalty of moderation. Audiences go home and find that what they have heard, though it was beautiful, was not satisfactory. At a meeting of the Ligue de l'Enseignement last Saturday M. Briand explained that his policy of conciliation was not a policy of surrender. More particularly he was going to remain faithful to secular education. But tenacity did not imply ferocity. Certainly the particular kind of tenacity which enables a French Prime Minister to keep his place does not. His advice to good republicans was excellent. Stand firm, but tread upon nobody. This advice ignores an important circumstance. It is rarely possible to find comfortable standing-room in politics without treading upon somebody. If you contradict nobody, you will seldom make a definite statement. But M. Briand does not believe in definite statements. He seems to be reaping his reward. The Bishop of Nancy, we note, is meeting him half-way.

If the so-called defeat of Tammany gave New York the minimum amount of honest municipal administration we might welcome it as a novelty. But these defeats of Tammany mean very little. They have happened before, and Tammany pulls itself together and wins again. In this election a Republican gang with a number of discontented Democrats who have been left out in the cold by Tammany have taken the place of the old Democratic gang. That is all. In other American cities the Grafters have won victories. In San Francisco the old gang is in again.

In New York the new Mayor, Judge Gaynor, is the Tammany man. He is famous as an anti-corruptionist—when the offender is a Republican. New York will probably be worse off than ever for the change. As the "Times" correspondent says, it marks the beginning of a four years' divided administration and endless political intriguing. The Tammany Mayor and the new Board of Estimates and Control will each be fighting for different apportionment of the graft. Tammany in full power at least knew its own mind and gave the city a strong government, though a corrupt one. The new men will surely be weaker, and what guarantee is there that they will be less corrupt? Apparently Tammany had nothing to teach them in the way of rascally practices during the election. After the next four years' experience New Yorkers will probably think it is not worth while worrying, and Tammany will come into its own again.

Cadiz, Ohio! Who would not live in Cadiz, Ohio? A city in its hundred-and-sixth year that has never had a murder. The foreman of the "Cadiz Republican" says so (in a letter to us this week), so it must be so. Cadiz, Ohio, the hub of civilisation, spends \$2500 a year on lecturers and entertainers for a two weeks' Chautauqua; it has a Shakespeare Club, Choral Society, and a Cadiz Women's Club which studies English literature. And in the public library there are four volumes

for every man, woman, and child in the town. And it has four banks and four loan associations. This is a delightful conception of civilisation. There must indeed be the real thing in Cadiz, Ohio. Yet a city that has not had a murder in a hundred years can hardly be civilised: can it?

Mr. Chirol's speech at the dinner of the China Association should, as he himself remarked, have been given elsewhere. His message was most valuable, but he was preaching to the converted—in fact, to the one audience in all England that realises the significance of China. From a British point of view things are not all they might be in China. Neither Mr. Chirol nor the Chairman attempted to make out that they were. The Chinese, no doubt, are taking in new ideas; but this seems rather to stimulate anti-foreign feelings. Unless the Government does much more to help the Englishman in China he will not be able to hold his own with the German or the American. Mr. Chirol has just come back from a survey of the Far East, and seems to have been struck with almost painful force with the advantage the German especially enjoys in the thought taken for him by his Government. Meantime there is little evidence of real internal reform in China. The finances are going from bad to worse. A paper reform, the beginnings of constitutional government, is in effect simply a blind to cover the apathy in everything that matters.

A great deal of trouble is going on behind the scenes in the Welsh Church Commission, and the trouble is aggravated by the action of the Home Office. Mr. R. M. Thomas, the secretary, who recently resigned—he is, by the way, a Churchman, and we think a Conservative—was during the sittings of the Commission appointed agent to Sir Watkin Wynn. It was arranged, however, that he should continue to perform his secretarial duties, and he worked exceedingly hard at them. Why then did he resign? This week he has told us that private business had nothing to do with the matter. It is of general knowledge that he has had differences with the chairman. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, however, professes complete ignorance of the reason, and admits that Lord Justice Vaughan Williams is quite within his rights in appointing a fresh secretary without consulting his colleagues. Those colleagues, or such of them as are Nonconformists, are naturally furious; but the Government seems indifferent to their temper. Why throughout all the long controversies about this Commission, we ask, have Mr. Lloyd George or the Home Office done nothing to assist their Nonconformist friends against the chairman? Is it that they honestly think their friends in the wrong, or do they wish to delay the appearance of the report for years? If they really wished to end the business, they could easily do it by cutting off supplies. This was the way in which a Conservative Government once brought a Welsh Commission to an end.

The Commission on Poor Law reform has issued its third and last report, which relates to the poor-law system in Scotland. Both as to England and Scotland the majority and minority differ mainly as to what is to be done when the Boards of Guardians are abolished, as both agree they ought to be. The majority propose to give the administration of the poor laws to County Councils and boroughs with the assistance of organised voluntary bodies. This, in the opinion of the minority, is only the Boards of Guardians over again. They would put each class of person receiving aid under the management of some already existing public body: the feeble-minded under the lunacy authority, the sick under the health authority, and so on.

To choose between these conflicting systems will be for some Parliament in a future more or less remote which depends on the political situation. Both political parties are pledged to deal with poor-law reform, and both the majority and minority of the Commission insist on its urgency. The idealism of the minority scheme

will attract those with a penchant for immediate perfection. It is a fine conception to have special agencies with a mission in the highways and hedges to all who ought to be helped for distress of mind, body, or estate, whether they themselves do or do not feel that they fall below a scientific standard. In the case of infectious diseases and many sanitary matters the State takes the first step, but it is premature to administer the poor law in this spirit. Yet it is probable that poor-law reform will be in the direction of breaking up the workhouses, now crowded indiscriminately with every type of distressed humanity, and submitting their habitants to special treatment.

It is more than fifty years since the "Derby Day" made Mr. Frith famous. Few pictures have given so much entertainment to so many people, and it is safe to suppose that to the end of time it will continue interesting. Its author had a real painter's gift and a gift for staging incident, though the radius of his painter's vision was small and his stage gift in the same way ran to the multiplication of small incidents of equal importance. The dainty quality within his reach was best seen, perhaps, in the "Ramsgate Sands" belonging to the King. The "Railway Station", reproduced on lodging-house walls, must have cheered many a rainy day. In his sketches as compared with the finished pictures it was sometimes possible to catch the authentic observer and painter, before the cosmetic element of cosiness and rosiness had been rubbed over everything—the element that belongs to the slack part of Dickens' art. Mr. Frith's reminiscences, and perhaps still more those of his daughter in "Leaves from a Life", tell how jolly life was in the middle-Victorian, middle-class, middle-art homes like theirs; mild Bohemias with an easy charade-imagination that did not tax the nerves or the conscience. It is churlish of Death to have stopped the day's routine of a man who enjoyed it at ninety.

The halfpenny sensation of the week is the re-appearance of Julia and her revelations concerning the G.O.M. Julia's "discarnate" proceedings are almost as much talked about at this present moment as was the discovery of that other embalmed Julia whose beauty was the nine-days' wonder of the priests and nobles of mediaeval Rome. It is impossible to be amused at Mr. Stead's latest performance. It is too puzzling. No joke can be intended because the joke would be too impossibly pointless and ill-mannered. We are confronted, then, with the necessity of taking Julia seriously, and bewilderment sets in. That these revelations could have been conceived in a human brain is a more amazing phenomenon than if the printing-press that printed them had protested against them and walked out of the room. The pathologic abyss so suddenly laid open to our view frightens away the tendency to smile.

By the side of Julia Dr. Bodie pales his ineffectual fire. His methods of deceiving the public are more in the ordinary line; and his showman tricks have been appropriately punished by a commonplace verdict to refund his gains. But we do not necessarily condemn him outright. We have read about Sludge, and would like to catch Dr. Bodie in a mood of similar candour. Does Dr. Bodie believe in himself? That is the point. The mind is capable of strange twists, and when it is possible for a man to get fame and living by the simple process of convincing himself that he is an extraordinary person, the path to such a conviction is surely not difficult to find.

A delightful event of its kind was the luncheon given at the House of Commons on Thursday to Sir Benjamin Stone; and nothing could have been happier than the Postmaster-General's little speech. The address to Sir Benjamin, one of "the seven stalwarts" of Unionist Birmingham, was signed by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Burns, as well as by the Unionist leaders. The House of Commons has indeed long had an affection for this pleasant gentleman, who has about him something that reminds one of the most benign characters in Charles Dickens.

THE BUDGET SEND-OFF.

MOST people will heave a sigh of relief at the news that the Budget has at last left the House of Commons. Whatever may be its treatment in another place, it is time that it was discussed by other tongues and from another point of view. The debate on the third reading was marred by one of those unpleasant personal quarrels which spring up suddenly in political controversy, and, like some foul tributary, soil, though they cannot interrupt, the current of events. Of the merits of the dispute between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ure no educated and honest man can feel a doubt. Between saying that the fiscal policy of your opponents is not in your opinion adequate to meet the needs of the State and saying that they will repudiate the statutory obligations of the State there is a chasm wide as the Channel. Mr. Ure said both. He said that he did not believe it would be possible to meet the deficit of £16,000,000 by tariff reform, which was a perfectly legitimate remark. He then added that he understood the old-age pensioners were apprehensive as to the payment of their pensions, and that he, the Lord Advocate, shared their apprehensions, an observation which he repeated night after night at public meetings. Mr. Balfour described this performance as the coining and uttering of a frigid, calculated lie; and we do not think that all the wild and whirling words of recrimination and explanation uttered in the House of Commons on Wednesday and Thursday altered the situation in the least. Mr. Balfour cannot be accused of dealing in personalities as a habit. Indeed the only criticism that might be passed on his polemical methods is that, as a rule, he is too mild and polite. Mr. Balfour has not forgotten the Chinese slavery lie at the last election, and he perceived that it was intended to use the stoppage-of-pensions lie in the coming election. It is of course a very telling lie, and Mr. Balfour was perfectly right to arrest its circulation at the earliest moment and in the most striking manner. But what Sir Francis Clavering's footman called "the holtercation" quite upset the House of Commons and diverted attention from an historically interesting debate.

We must here repeat our astonishment that the Lord Advocate of Scotland can discharge the duties of his office and at the same time wander over England and Scotland making platform speeches every night. The Lord Advocate is paid by the taxpayers £5000 a year to do the legal business of Scotland. To make a speech in the provinces means the loss of the day, as far as office work is concerned. Is there really no legal work for the Lord Advocate to do? If so, why not abolish the office? It is quite true what somebody said in the debate, that the really alarming feature of our finances is the rapid growth of expenditure upon the Civil Service and officials of all kinds. Let us make a beginning of economy by cutting down the office of Lord Advocate, who apparently has no more to do than the King's Remembrancer or the Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth. The great sinecurist of the eighteenth century was the Clerk of the Pells, who was paid £7000 a year for doing literally nothing. If the Government want a peripatetic orator, surely he can be got for less than £500 a year, especially in these days when a fearful fluency possesses all men, and is mistaken for eloquence. How many sheriff-substitutes must there be in the Parliament House who would gladly do the Lord Advocate's job for, say, £1500 a year? But, putting aside these disturbing personalities, the debate was in other respects worthy of the occasion, and philosophically entertaining. The House of Commons set itself down to discuss the question What is Socialism? As might be expected from a deliberative body composed of lawyers, business men, landowners, and journalists, much confusion of thought was discovered. Socialism is, in its proper sense, a theory of government which asserts that the State, or society, has wider duties towards its citizens than those of police and national defence. Socialism (in this sense) believes that the State or society is bound to see that its members are not only safe from robbers and

invaders, but sound in mind, body, and estate. The unconscious practice of this theory of government was begun in this country by the Tory party in 1847, when they brought in and passed the first Act for the regulation of juvenile and female labour. For the next fifty years the Tory party talked prose (or Socialism) as volubly and unconsciously as the Bourgeois Gentilhomme. In Germany this doctrine of politics was for long confined to the professors of Universities until suddenly Bismarck, about thirty years ago, took it up vigorously, and applied it in all directions. This kind of Socialism is merely State regulation or protection of industry; and it is about the degree or amount of it that the opinions of sensible men differ. The Socialism of the Radical Party, which is the ground note of the Budget, is concerned, not with the regulation of industry, but with the distribution of property. Its aim is to transfer property, not from the rich to the poor, but from the individual to the State, by which it is to be administered in such a manner that "distribution should undo excess, and each man have enough." This is the object of the death duties and the super-tax, and the land taxes, and the licence duties. The justification for this transference of property is two-fold: first, because profit is earned by the State; and second, because the State can spend the wealth of individuals better than the individuals themselves. This deadly, paralysing nonsense is by no means new; it is as old as the Greeks, and one would have thought had received its coup de grâce from the French Revolutions in 1789 and 1848. Yet Mr. Lloyd George trots it out with all the pride of a man who says he has discovered the North Pole. It is against this pernicious and impossible system of transferring property from individuals to the State by taxation that the Conservative party is exerting all its resources. Let it be remembered that although the feudal tenures of land were abolished in France and Germany a hundred years ago, the change was not to State ownership, but to peasant proprietorship. Let it not be forgotten that the incentive to industry in nine men out of ten is the desire to make provision for their offspring. Dryden writes scornfully of Shaftesbury that he wore himself to fiddlestrings,

" And all to leave what by his toil he won
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son ."

Precisely: that is the object of most men's toil, and all the Lloyd and Henry Georges in the world will not change it. The opposition to the Budget has human nature on its side, and therefore, be the fight never so prolonged, victory must be achieved by the Conservatives. We hope that in fighting the Budget in the country Unionist candidates will be careful to explain what they mean when they cry Socialism! Otherwise they may be met by Mr. Harold Cox's dictum that Tariff Reform is Socialism, which, in the sense explained above, is true.

"A FEW PATERNAL ACRES."

EVERYBODY should read Landor: a man is hardly well educated in literature until he has absorbed at least the poems to Ianthe. Landor had a noble independence in literature which would be still nobler in the case of many men if applied to the whole business of life. Even politicians might study Landor with advantage sometimes. Mr. Ure himself might find it not too late to reform if he would read and absorb and enjoy Landor. He would find the "Conversations" for example much more stimulating and much safer than his own imaginations. But though a course of Landor—of Landor, that is, in his books, not in his quarrels and lawsuits—would do many folk a deal of good, we would not plead that the Conservative party at the present time should adopt his severe rule of originality. "I have expunged many thoughts for their close resemblance to what others had written whose works I never saw till after. . . . I have resigned and abandoned many things because I reasonably doubted my legitimate claim to them and . . . because the reten-

tion might raise a clamour in my courtyard." This rigid rule of originality would never work in party politics. The Liberal party to-day thoroughly understands this. When Mr. Chamberlain started—in practical politics—the idea of old-age pensions the chief lights of the Liberal party opposed it. We remember Sir William Harcourt at the zenith of his influence declaring dead against it: the friendly societies, he considered, would be spoiled by it. But a few years later, never troubling itself for a moment as to whether it has "legitimate claim", that party seizes on Mr. Chamberlain's idea and works it for all it is worth. The Liberal party of late has also been working, for all it is worth, the back to the land idea. Which party has the "legitimate claim" here may be a moot point historically. In the 'eighties, in the form of three acres and a cow, it was the property of radicals, though eighty years earlier it seems to have been started by a Lord Winchelsea, who was not a radical. However, we may admit that though Conservatives carried out the allotments scheme—one of the best things done by Parliament in the last century—and also passed a far less efficient Small Holdings Act, the Liberals have run the thing for electioneering purposes of late a thousand times harder than ever any Conservatives ran it. The Conservative party has no time to lose: it has, somehow, lost far too much time already. The General Election is almost on us; and against this event we must have a very clear and strong small holdings or peasant ownership scheme to put before the electors in rural constituencies. Let us risk the clamour which indignant Liberals may raise in our courtyard—the louder the clamour indeed the better will it be for our prospects. We do not need by any means to steal the old clothes of the Liberals: there is plenty of new cloth, and it can be cut to a much better fit. Sir Gilbert Parker's pamphlet on the land question and Mr. Balfour's letter to him the other day are capital signs of activity in this direction. We hope that the Conservative candidates throughout England—Wales is past praying for—will go to the villages with a scheme that will greatly improve on the Liberal scheme. It ought to be easy in a way, for by an extraordinary piece of good luck the Liberal scheme has utterly ruled out the most attractive, as well as the soundest, feature of any reform of the kind. It has ruled out Ownership. It proposes to trust the villager, peasant, "small man in land", up to a point only—it will trust him to farm the land, but never to own it. Elaborate machinery is set up by which Irish peasants—the most thriftless people on earth probably—are to become owners: elaborate machinery is to be set up by which English peasants are not to become owners. The great "territorialist", as Lord Morley has styled him, is to be greater than ever. Instead of owning a mere county he is to own a whole country; and this "despot", this "tyrant", this feudal giant, is in his almighty condescension to suffer the small people to hire small holdings from him. On no account are they to own small holdings. And this is the great Liberal party which has thundered against the great landowners! This is the party that has talked about the necessity of peasant proprietorship! And it now insists that no small man—in England—shall be proprietor. He is to be a tenant under a huge landlord, the State. We do not profess to know who was behind this extraordinary arrangement, whether it was the Whig element in the Government or the Socialist element in the Government; but we should say that when the villagers come to grasp it they will not be at all delighted. Landowners, they may some of them say, are quite big enough as it is: we don't all want to be at the mercy of one who is trying to get the whole of the land into his own hands. Conservative speakers and canvassers cannot rub this point in too much in all the county constituencies. As it is, a small farmer can at least have human relations with his landlord in most cases: how can he have human relations with a Government Department in Whitehall?

No; if the small holdings scheme is to succeed in England it must be a scheme of peasant or small owners,

not of peasant or small tenants. Mr. Balfour in his letter to Sir Gilbert Parker uses the expression " Magic of property ". It may not be a very fresh expression, but it holds a truth which is world-old. There are some people, huge monopolists, who would hire out everything—houses, lands, horses, furniture. One can conceive a state of society where even wives might be hired out. But we are absolutely convinced, from long and close acquaintance with him, that the typical English villager who wants to go into the farming business " on his own " would prefer to except the land at any rate from this category. For thirty years in a corn, sheep and turnip country—it may be different in the jam districts—we have taken special note of the " small men in land " who have done well. Their great idea has been to own a bit of England some day for themselves and to keep it in their family, hand it down to their hardworking children. There is not the faintest shadow of a doubt about this. True, when this Liberal small holdings scheme was first started we said that we would on the whole rather have the tenant plan than the ownership plan; and certainly, if the country is to be flooded with small men in land who know nothing of land save what they have learnt from the newspapers, it is better to have a tenant system than an owner system. The first at any rate could be shot out more easily than the second. But if we are to get men of the earth earthy rather than of newspaper newpaperiness on the land let us make them independent and self-reliant owners rather than dependent and State-reliant tenants.

" Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound."

This, as we understand it, is Mr. Balfour's view and the view of the Conservative leaders at the present time. Who doubts for a moment that, when driven home, it must appeal to the villagers a thousand times more than the Whig plan of trusting nothing to the common poor man and the Snowden and Keir Hardie plan of trusting it all to the State? Which will the villager choose: a Government Department or his own little home and holding?

The paternal acres, then, are the thing. The only question is, How are they to be acquired by the villager who is fit to till them? We have known cases of just the right men to run small farms who have had the greatest difficulty even in finding enough money to go in as tenants. A man must have some stock and machinery, and after the villager has paid for these there will very rarely be anything over to pay for the freehold of his farm. This is the crux of the whole matter. The right man clearly must be helped if he is to become owner. He has made his own way so far by his own industry and character, but he never can hope to become capitalist enough to buy the land outright unless he can borrow the money. Now it is just here that the State can come in with real effect. The hidebound socialist—the ignorant socialist—may be dead against any scheme of ownership, the hidebound individualist—the ignorant individualist—may be equally dead against any State aid. Wise people, "moderate" people in the sense in which Gardiner the historian used the word, need attend to neither. It will be perfectly safe and sound for the State to help the right kind of Englishman to ownership. We have known in a single village at least a dozen active, ambitious and intelligent men to whom the State might lend with advantage. There are thousands of cases of the kind. It must be the work of the next Conservative Government to frame a good scheme to this effect, and we have no doubt it can and will be done. The prospects for a small owner are far better to-day than they have been for thirty years past. Corn can once more be grown at a fair profit, and, as we have shown in previous articles, land generally is " looking up ". We do not want to see the whole country carved up into small holdings of a few acres apiece. This country is entirely unfit for such a peasant proprietary as that. The success of the French peasant and the success of Stein's policy in

Prussia are beside the mark. As to the French, they were small peasant proprietors before the Revolution, as that great writer Alexis de Tocqueville shows. The thing is in the blood and bone of the French peasant. With us it is wholly different. Only a certain proportion of our country folk is fit for or desirous of small farming. We can add these men to the larger tenant farmers and the larger landowners, and strengthen the whole fabric. But they must be added as owners. This great and steady reform rests wholly with the Conservative party. " Ownership " should be on the address of every Unionist candidate in the coming election.

THE REAL NAVAL MENACE.

WE confess to a feeling of nausea about the naval controversies which have so worried the Royal Navy, of which Kinglake wrote that its renown is " a treasure unspeakably precious. By our whole people, and, above all, by a British admiral, it deserves to be guarded with jealous care ; for, if it be certain that the very life of England depends upon the strength of her Navy, it is also true that the strength of her Navy is in some sort dependent upon its sense of power, and again, that that sense of power must always depend in part upon the sacred tradition which hands down a vague estimate of the things our Navy has done and the things it has failed to do ". There is no question that the provocation which has caused all these controversies has come about through weak and more or less incapable First Lords of the Admiralty. Associated with them there has been an autocratic First Sea Lord who remains in office at the age of sixty-nine, and, after eight years on shore, is utterly out of touch with the sea service, which frankly detests him. From the point of view of the man in the street there is opposed to this autocrat a popular Irish admiral whose service career is at an end, but in whom political life and mob applause have produced a tendency to minister to the public's view of this matter by making events revolve round himself. In neither case do we find the spirit of self-sacrifice, the bushido of the Japanese ; but since Lord Charles Beresford has already been deprived of his command the full fury of the public will rightly fall on the man who has provoked all the deplorable strife in the Navy and on Mr. Asquith, who is responsible for his retention long beyond the usual term of office. For that retention of Sir John Fisher is surrounded by sinister signs, in that he above all other men has aided and abetted the Government in those mad reductions of the Navy in ships, men, and stores which have done so much to encourage Germany and America in the race of armaments and to lead the world to conjecture whether Great Britain was among the dying nations. There seems to be pervading all these naval intrigues an unholy compact which allows the renown of the Navy to go down before favouritism and intimidation, so long as the Admiralty does the will of the Treasury to save all expenditure except that which will promote retention of office. It is because the Navy for the first time for many years has been exploited for the sake of party that we witness all the deplorable controversies which are the product of the last four years. It is the strongest argument which should be put before the electors that as to the Navy the Liberal party cannot be trusted, and only a short interval is available to put things right before the period of severest stress is upon us when the German Navy will be ready. That interval of Mr. Balfour's government is necessary for us before all other things for a similar reason to that given a century ago by Napoleon that " peace is necessary to restore a navy—peace to fill our arsenals empty of matériel, and peace because then only the one drill-ground for fleets, the sea, is open ". If that interval of sane government during peace is not given to us, then war may come upon us like a thief in the night. It will then be too late, and all the costly social reforms which are now on the statute book will be swept down the great maw of a gigantic indemnity.

It is not very creditable to Mr. Asquith that, his

correspondence with Lord Charles Beresford having been published, he should have first sheltered himself in Parliament behind the plea that the correspondence was not completed, and then behind a blocking motion put down by one of his silent supporters so that no discussion of a question in which his personal honour was involved could be entertained. Mr. Asquith chose to make himself chairman of a committee appointed to inquire into his own arrangements for war, and in these circumstances there was a reasonable disinclination on the part of officers to give evidence. Two of the heads of divisions of the Intelligence Department, whose reputation stood so high that they could afford to be more courageous than others, offered to give evidence if they received a safe conduct. Otherwise they said their careers might be "absolutely ruined". On 21 April Mr. Asquith wrote that "no prejudice of any kind to their future careers would result from their evidence, whatever it may be". The intimidation of members of committees, the punishment of officers who even attempted to send in reports to the Admiralty that any arrangements for which the autocrats were responsible had been found by the officers to be working unsatisfactorily—these things were too notorious to be ignored. Mr. Asquith's written guarantee, his preliminary assurance to each witness who had to give his evidence confronted by Mr. McKenna and Sir John Fisher, and finally the further solemn pledge on the floor of the House, seemed to argue some safety to men profoundly anxious to save their country. The cruel lie was soon exposed. Captain Hulbert later on complained to the committee that he had been subjected to pressure as to his evidence. Mr. Asquith brushed it aside as a "misunderstanding", as if there could be room for such in a deliberate threat to place an officer on half-pay. The tree, however, is judged by its fruits, and in this case the threat was amply fulfilled. Turned out of their departments by being ordered on leave, both officers were then placed on half-pay, while the work of genuine administration was prostituted in the service of this nefarious plot by a so-called reorganisation which involved getting rid entirely of all work connected with the defence of the Empire's shipping and trade or all that is involved in the food and wages of the working classes. The Admiralty state that "the experience of some years had shown that its work was not worth its cost". It would be interesting to hear of the comments of any single ex-Admiralty official who is free to express his opinion or of any chamber of commerce or shipping on this extraordinary pronouncement. In the midst of all this unpleasant notoriety to which the Navy is being subjected by the Government there comes the publication of the following message of Prince Henry of Prussia on relinquishing the command of the fleet which is being steadily increased in strength so quietly and resolutely, with an entire absence of ostentation: "Fearlessness, calm and purposeful work with the hour of trial alone in view, reticence, strict discipline, coupled with a kindly feeling on the part of superiors towards subordinates, true comradeship—these qualities must continue in the future in ever-increasing measure to distinguish the officers and men of the High Sea Fleet".

What a contrast this spirit affords to our own unhappy state! In contemplating its serious aspects let us always remember that there is nothing behind the Navy, nothing else between the poor and starvation in war. Have not the electors the right, after nearly four years of constant turmoil as to the Navy on which their whole existence is staked, to demand that it shall no longer be a pawn in a discreditable party intrigue? Is it not the duty of Parliament, which has run the four years' course that Lord Morley thinks long enough, to enable the electors by a General Election to relieve Mr. Asquith of the helm and confide it to one who will enable the Navy to prepare exclusively and whole-heartedly to confront the dangers which are fraught with such appalling misery to the working classes of this country?

PARLIAMENTS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

CHAMPIONS of parliamentary institutions must be filled with melancholy when they contemplate the bewildering chaos of Austro-Hungarian politics. Almost daily the situation increases in perplexity, and there seems no immediate prospect of a removal of the deadlock. It is true that the Dual Monarchy manages to get along pretty well although its Parliaments are not meeting, but this only shows that the brand-new parliamentary system is simply a political excrescence. This is scarcely a comforting state of affairs. For the whole civilised world is now engaged in a gigantic political experiment. During the latter part of the nineteenth century every country which claimed to be modern in thought adopted a system of representative institutions framed more or less closely on the English model. Quite lately we have witnessed the extension of the principle to the Orient. Never has democracy had such a worldwide opportunity, and for the first time since the Roman Empire a single people, and that our own, can claim to have given a pattern of government to the whole world. How is the great experiment going to answer? That is the problem of the century.

It is claimed for representative institutions that they form the one and only solvent of political discords. The discords of Austria-Hungary are racial. It must be confessed with sorrow that the Austro-Hungarian Parliaments afford an opportunity rather for the accentuation of these discords than for their resolution. For consider the sequence of recent events. The first step towards the present crisis in Austria was the passage by a provincial Diet of what in the constitutional jargon of that Empire was known as the Lex Axmann. This measure established German as the language of the province. It was drawn in the widest terms, and was vetoed by the Imperial Government on the ground that it encroached on the sphere of the Imperial Chamber. But out of this unconstitutional Bill two constitutional measures have been framed. The first makes German the language of the public offices, including the law courts. The second makes German the language of the schools. These Bills have been passed by the Diets of Salzburg, Vorarlberg, Upper Austria and Lower Austria. Of these provinces the last includes Vienna, the Czech population of which runs into six figures. The Austrian Cabinet has not felt itself able to advise the Crown to veto the Bills, and its two Czech members have at once resigned.

But the Czechs have other and far more drastic means of expressing their disapproval. In Bohemia there is a safe Czech majority, which has been making things most uncomfortable for the Germans. The German members of the Diet have explained that they will resort to obstruction unless their grievances are redressed. To this the Czechs have retaliated by saying that unless the Bohemian Diet can get through its work quietly they will obstruct in the Imperial Parliament and make the passage of the Budget impossible. It may be added that obstruction in Austria is a generic term including such refinements as desk-banging, ink-throwing and fisticuffs.

This then is the situation. Unless the Lower Austrian language law is modified, at least as far as the capital is concerned, the Czechs will harden their hearts. If the Czechs harden their hearts the Germans will obstruct in the Bohemian Diet. If the Germans obstruct in the Bohemian Diet the Czechs will make the Imperial Parliament unworkable. Altogether it is a pretty muddle, but, of course, there is a way out. It lies in recourse to paragraph 14 of the Austrian Constitution, that indispensable paragraph which is of more use than all the other paragraphs put together, because it provides for extra-parliamentary government. But there is one thing which paragraph 14 expressly forbids, and that is the levy of new taxes without the consent of Parliament. This year, as Dr. Bilinski, the Austrian Finance Minister, told the House last week, there is a considerable deficit, and unless the Budget is got through this deficit must remain uncovered. This fact is the last straw, and makes the Austrian deadlock complete.

Hungary too has a domestic difficulty. The Hungarian Bohemia is Croatia. It is now nearly two years since the Croatian Diet assembled at Agram. It promptly revolted against the methods of Budapest, was at once dissolved, and is not at all likely to be called together again while present conditions continue. The Croatian situation alone is enough to make the Hungarian Government profoundly suspicious of democratic experiments. But it is also deeply interested in the trend of events in Austria.

Some years ago the party which we have now learned to call the Coalition was formed in order to press upon the Crown the question of the use of Magyar in Hungarian regiments. It found itself able to take up a very strong position. It pointed out to the King that its leaders represented a political party elected by the Hungarian people. It claimed to voice the feelings of a nation in opposition to the ideas of bureaucrats in Vienna, and it obtained a good deal of sympathy in Western Europe. The Crown at first met its demands with a brusque negative, an attitude which provoked considerable hostile criticism. But Francis Joseph's sole object was to gain time. He used his opportunity to establish universal suffrage in Austria. And then the tables were turned. He told the Coalition leaders that there was now assembled in Vienna a Parliament thoroughly representative of all the nationalities of the Austrian Empire. This Parliament was prepared to endorse the use of the German language in the joint Army. On the other hand, the Hungarian House was elected on an antiquated system which gave a wholly artificial majority to the purely Magyar elements in the country. Let the Coalition leaders introduce universal suffrage into Hungary, let a representative Parliament in Vienna be confronted with a representative Parliament in Budapest, and the Emperor-King would see what he could do. The Coalition had appealed to the democracy; to the democracy let it go.

The Coalition accepted the Crown's terms. It took office on the understanding that it would pass a Suffrage Bill and then dissolve. It has spent more than three years in trying to devise a system of voting which should be universal and yet safeguard the Magyar majority. All it managed to produce was a scheme which would have given the non-Magyars one vote apiece and the Magyars about half a dozen. This naturally proved abortive. Meanwhile the hotheads have grown impatient. They have shifted their ground and, while dropping the military question for the time being, demand the establishment of a separate State Bank. One of their leading members is President of the House, and thus in a position to make things impossible for any Cabinet which will not accept their programme. But the Crown is adamant. It bargained for a Suffrage Bill to be followed by a dissolution. The terms were accepted, and it insists that they shall be carried out.

But even the moderate members of the Coalition are no longer enamoured of the notion of universal franchise. They have seen the system at work in Austria and the utter confusion it has produced. They know perfectly well that the Croats would fight the Magyars to the death if they had the chance. They know, too, the numerical weakness of the Magyar population. The Magyar claim of superiority over the other races of Hungary may or may not be well founded, but at least the Magyar leaders may assert that they stand for an old parliamentary tradition which has worked well in the past, and that they do not intend to throw the institutions of the kingdom into the melting-pot in order to imitate the chaos which now rules in the neighbouring Empire.

Such then is the situation in the two halves of the monarchy, and none can deny its gloom. Parliamentary institutions have not proved a political panacea; they seem rather to have intensified the existing evil. Still there is something to be said on the other side. Somehow or other the inevitable racial friction must be given vent. In the pre-parliamentary days it found vent in civil war, and even the worst parliamentary squabbles are better than that. It may be argued that the parliamentary arena enables the leaders of the racial parties to appreciate one another's strength. They can realise

that there is a serious problem to be dealt with, and can exhaust their feelings in mutual invective which does no lasting harm. And when all the squabbling is over, the Crown, having carefully weighed the relative strength of the opposing forces, can intervene with all the prestige attaching to its extra-parliamentary position, and can suggest a compromise which may very well commend itself to public opinion as fair and reasonable, and at worst is likely to be accepted out of sheer exhaustion.

It is a somewhat paradoxical conclusion. What was advocated as an end turns out to be of some value as a means, and, not for the first time in history, it appears that an appeal to the democracy results in a strengthening of the monarchical principle. Viewed in this light, the position of affairs in Austria-Hungary may be of use to British statesmen. A small but noisy section of British opinion is demanding the grant of parliamentary institutions to India, and is supporting its demand by an appeal to the political experience of the British people. It is surely not superfluous to point out that the appeal no longer lies to the British people alone. Let us not overlook the Austro-Hungarian parallel. The course of events on the Danube proves two things. The first is that the mere grant of a Constitution will certainly fail to weld a congeries of races into a single nation. The second is that if parliamentary institutions are to succeed at all under such conditions the final verdict must lie with some authority above and beyond them, in Austria-Hungary the Crown, in India the English. Slowly and painfully we are finding out what democracy really means and how it can be made to work; and though such principles as can now be asserted may be disheartening to the enthusiast, they must neither be rejected nor ignored by British statesmen whose task is to govern every variety of race in every variety of time. We who have been pioneers in so much need not hesitate to take a lesson in our turn.

THE CITY.

THE improvement noted in the monetary position a week ago has not been maintained. The Bank finds great difficulty in attracting gold, and unless it is more successful in the next few days it may be necessary further to advance the official rate to 6 per cent. The fear of this, added to the political crisis, has a restraining effect upon the stock markets, which are furthermore depressed by recurring sales to close speculative accounts which can no longer be financed. No importance need be attached to the failures recently announced, though in one case some unpleasant disclosures are being made. Apparently the machinery of the Stock Exchange still admits of many irregularities, and these may easily bring distress upon innocent clients. Thus a client who sends a cheque in payment for stock may lose both money and stock if his broker fail before delivery, the procedure being to put all available funds into the common pot and set the whole against the broker's liabilities. The moral is that no stock should be paid for except against delivery or against a certified transfer, and this can easily be arranged through one's bankers. Certain brokers might object on the ground that the procedure is a reflection on their financial status, but if the practice became common any irritation would quickly disappear.

Home railway stocks rallied a little early in the week, but have lost most of their improvement. Confidence in the market is slow of return, but the small investor is coming forward, and if next week traffic figures bear out expectations there may be a decided change for the better. It should be remembered that most of the stocks now carry a full four months' dividend, that they are remarkably low in price, and that all the indications point to growing revenue. Dear money is against speculative purchases, and these we do not advocate; but the real investor should get a good return, first from dividends, and ultimately from the inevitable appreciation in capital value. The proposed arrangement between the North Eastern and Hull and Barnsley

seems a good one, but there are difficulties in the way of its being carried through, and it would not be wise to build up too much hope upon its being carried through. Originally formed to combat the North Eastern, the Hull and Barnsley cannot well join hands with that company; and the Hull Corporation, who have the power of veto, will need to be very circumspect in dealing with the proposals.

There has been no great rush for the Turkish Loan on London account. Financiers here are not eager to provide the money necessary for the early maintenance of the new Constitution. The loan, however, does not lack sponsors, and what London refuses will be readily supplied by Paris. New capital issues have been quite numerous this week, dearer money notwithstanding. Presumably the rush is due to the approach of the end of the year, when many of the underwriting contracts expire. It is now or never with many of the issues. The Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd., has been formed to amalgamate three companies already established. The Omnim Insurance issue was well heralded, but the prospectus suggests many pertinent questions as to the character of the business which is taken over. The "Bipsine" issue is remarkable for the addendum to the prospectus wherein it is stated that the directors have made a "conditional" contract to take over the "V.V." Bread Company. Apparently the "V.V." shareholders have not been consulted at all in the matter; and, as their consent is necessary, the contract may prove valueless. We certainly fail to see what benefit the "V.V." shareholders will obtain by throwing in their lot with "Bipsine". The proposed Anglo-Russian Trust is a daring project, but the Board inspires confidence, and there may be a good field for enterprise in Russia in the next few years.

It is regrettable that a portion of the responsible Press is so willing to place its advertising columns at the service of any "bucket shop" that can pay for the space. Some of the advertisements now appearing are so obviously designed to catch "flats" that there is not the least excuse for professing ignorance of their real purport. It would be absurd to suppose that proprietors of newspapers can inquire into the bona fides of every advertiser, but they are expected to use a little discretion in admitting to their columns appeals for money for gambling purposes. The mischief the advertisements do is proved by their continued repetition, for if they failed to secure business they would cease to be published. Instances are constantly cropping up of people being shorn of all they possess through dealings with "bucket shops", and the police courts frequently reveal cases of clerks robbing their employers in order to meet the claims of these swindlers, with whom they have played and lost, and played again and owed.

THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

SECOND NOTICE.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

MY first notice of the Grafton Galleries exhibition was mainly concerned with the splendid examples of the Venetian school. One Venetian picture I did not mention; and though not of the first importance, it is a picture that one would like to see in the National Gallery, for it is, I imagine, the only genuine Carpaccio in England. The large picture at Trafalgar Square which used to bear Carpaccio's name has for some years been restored to its rightful author, Lazzaro Bastiani. This "Holy Family in a Landscape" (No. 83) is in bad condition; but it has a great many of the typical qualities of the painter, whose childlike imagination captivates us in moods when far greater artists leave us cold. Who could resist the romantic zest of his invention, which has conceived so wonderful a setting to the sacred scene? Beside the broadening waters of a river rise strange rocks and Eastern trees, and along the shore in scattered procession come riding the Three Kings of the East, while in the foreground, among the wild things of the wood, the Mother adores her Child, and the Venetian pair who offered the picture

kneel near by in their rich habits. It is all earthly, for Carpaccio was never far from earth and the pleasant delights of earth; but what a wild fresh charm in the ingenuous conception!

In an opposite corner hangs a little picture which carries us at once into a far different atmosphere. This is the small panel, said to be a work of the early Portuguese school (No. 77). One would have thought it to be French: but few people know much about early painting in Portugal. In any case it is an exquisite painting; and the religious spirit of the Middle Ages expresses itself not more purely in the mystical emotion of the subject than in the delicate colouring. The blackness and heavy shadows of the religious paintings of the seventeenth century in Italy and Spain were quite as fatal to their effect as the sentimental insincerity which pervaded nearly all of them. This little picture has not the lucid radiance of Angelico; the colour in it has a kind of cloistered temper suffusing it, congenial to the theme; but how tender are the tones of silvery gray in the still sky, the grays of the angels' robes, flushed with mauves and lilacs, and the solemn blue of the Virgin's dress! So much of what passes for religious art in Europe has so little inner spirituality that we recognise something rare and precious in a work like this. The angels in the trellised court where the mystic marriage of S. Catherine is being celebrated seem really beings of celestial nature as they sing or play on instruments of music or reach up to gather flowers from the boughs above their heads. It is only in some of the finest miniatures of the missal painters that we find a like spirituality of temper and delicate beauty of execution. If this is really Portuguese, it gives one a different and finer notion of early painting in that country than the examples generally known to students would support.

Spanish art is interestingly represented, if not magnificently. The famous "Water-carrier of Seville", from Apsley House (No. 31), "the earliest picture by Velazquez of which we have any authentic record", is now terribly dark; but, as was shrewdly observed by Watts, neither in the case of Velazquez' nor of Rembrandt's early pictures has time produced that magical improvement in quality which some modern painters profess to believe is an unfair advantage enjoyed by all old masters. Next to this hangs Sir Frederick Cook's "Old Woman Frying Eggs", another "bodegone" of Velazquez' youth. Hard and literal as this is in general effect, we can recognise in such passages as the painting of the melon and the earthen pan the sense of the born painter. It would be interesting to see beside this canvas some similar subject by one of the Dutchmen, who seem always to belong thoroughly to the world they paint, while in Velazquez the detachment strikes us, and the abstinence from comment, emphasis, or sentiment seems already to partake of an intellectual character—that most rare justness and veracity which were to be the mark of his mature portraiture. Some jovial piece by Jordaens would have been an apt contrast. In the "Fish-seller", by Velazquez' pupil Pareja (No. 40), which has not been shown before, we find the lesser man importing a kind of romantic atmosphere into the everyday subject. It seems strange that this should ever have been thought to be by the great master himself. The other side of Spanish art is represented by a gloomily imposing but rather empty Ribalta, and El Greco's astonishing "Supper in the House of Simon". This latter picture will probably provoke both dislike and enthusiasm. The personal element in the art of the painter is here developed to excess, and the intensity and abandon of the emotion, expressed with the courage of a nature determined to be absolutely itself and reckless of all academic canons and conventions, are attractive for their own sake to many modern minds. The majority of the public will dismiss the picture as grotesque, and vastly prefer the charming portrait of El Greco's daughter, with the brown eyes looking out from the fair, sensitive face and the bloom of life on her cheeks. The catalogue warns us that the "Lady in the Character of S. Elizabeth of Hungary" (No. 28) is not really by Zurbaran, but by some artist

"of more delicate quality": it is certainly a very attractive picture. Lastly, there is a portrait of exceptional interest for Englishmen, Goya's half-length of Wellington. It was for this painting that the artist made the study in red chalk which is in the British Museum, and has been reproduced in Mr. Rothenstein's monograph and elsewhere. The study is much finer than the picture. The great duke was not fortunate in his English portraits; the painters of these saw too much of the Field-Marshal, too little of the genius. But in a moment of exaltation after battle Goya caught a glimpse of the inner spirit of the man, and drew the head with an unforgettable vividness, the lips a little parted and the eyes shining; it is not only the revelation of a man, but of a daring imagination and passionate purpose. Such is the drawing: it is a thousand pities that the painting falls so far short of the first intense conception. It seems to have been carried out in a colder mood, and to have been done in haste. None the less, it is deeply interesting.

Of the great portraits in the large gallery it is hardly necessary to write. Van Dyck and Titian, Rembrandt and Hals, Rubens and Reynolds are here to be seen, each with his own particular character of greatness. Special attention may be called to the Rubens (No. 29), which has never been shown before and is one of the master's finest portraits. Hals is at his firmest and most brilliant in the ruddy "Burgomaster" (No. 37), but neither in the famous "Man with a Hawk" nor the "Man with Close-cropped Hair" are Rembrandt's most subtle powers called out; the sitters were not sufficiently interesting personalities for that; and we feel his intimate genius more in the portrait of an old lady (No. 51), doubtless the same sitter as in the picture acquired for the National Gallery ten years ago. Reynolds holds his own by his male sense of character, colour and design, even in this exacting company, with the well-known "Sterne" and the two Dilettanti groups. And the Gainsboroughs are enchanting.

But one of the grandest portraits in the whole collection is to be found, not among the pictures, but the drawings. I mean the superb head of a Cardinal, in silverpoint, by Fouquet (No. 119). The two rooms of drawings demand, indeed, repeated visits. Mr. Heseltine's Watteaus form a collection unsurpassed for variety and brilliance. What singular completeness of beauty in the study of the lady (No. 48), whose face looks out at us from under the large veil and hat with almost disquieting reality of life, yet with what mobile delicacy! A largeness of style in the lines of the design lifts it above the world of prettiness. The Claudes show that fascinating draughtsman in less variety, but are all beautiful: and then what admirable examples of later Frenchmen, of Fragonard, of Boucher (if you like that artist, to me cold and tiresome), of Saint-Aubin, of Ingres! Note, too, the fresh, fragile sketch of a girl (No. 92) by that little-known artist, Trinquesse.

A MATTER OF SEX.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

LAST week, writing about the Gaiety, I permitted myself to laugh a little at the traditional languor of the ladies of the chorus. But for their air of ennui, I could have taken them quite seriously. There seems nothing at all absurd in the idea of pretty young women, dressed in the very latest fashion, singing and dancing in unison certain songs and dances in which they have been trained with a view to showing themselves off to the best advantage. What more natural, asks man, than that woman should wish to please? What more natural than that she should exercise fascination in public, at large, six or seven times a week? He would not care to do it himself. He would deem it beneath his dignity. He reserves his charms for private life. He doesn't mind showing off in a room; but in any public place he hates to draw attention—favourable or unfavourable—to himself. Observe any average man and woman entering a restaurant together. The difference in their costumes is a perfect

symbol of the difference in their comportment. Whereas the woman has a garb of bright colours, and, belike, of some fantastic shape decreed by the mode of the moment, the man wears what is the nearest equivalent that our magic-bereft age can find for a cloak of invisibility. In the face and gait of the woman you can see that she is accustomed to be visible, and that she likes being looked at, while the poor man sulkily scowls and shuffles through the ordeal, or tries to carry it off with a high hand, failing utterly. I conceive that the average woman sees nothing ludicrous in the chorus at the Gaiety: the choristers are but doing for a salary, and in a trained manner, what she does casually for nothing. But "the chorus" is an arbitrary term. There are two choruses at the Gaiety. And I am certain that to the average man the male choristers seem to occupy a very absurd and lamentable position.

This difference of effect is the more interesting because, strictly, the one chorus is an exact pendant to the other. The men, like the women, have been selected for their good looks, and have been dressed in the latest fashion, and sing the same sort of songs in the same sort of way. They have been drilled to wave their walking-sticks at one moment, and at another to draw their handkerchiefs out of their cuffs and flick imaginary dust off their uniform boots, and perform simultaneously other bits of "business" equivalent to what the women have been drilled to perform. The only differences are that the men do not appear so frequently, and that they do not display that languor which seemed to me the one ridiculous thing about the performance of the women. They work with a will. I suppose it is the courage of despair that upholds them. They feel that since there is no escape they may as well put a brave face on the matter. But, heroes though they are, they excite only amusement and contempt among the audience. . . . Stay! I recall a conversation I had not long ago with a clever woman who writes books. We discussed, or rather I left her to expound, the question of what women most admire in a man—the qualities that especially attract them. I had said, perfunctorily, deeming it a truism, that beauty in the opposite sex meant much more to men than to women; whereupon, with the steadfast and minatory composure of a cross-examining counsel leading a witness on to dangerous ground, she asked me what, then, did I suppose woman most admired in man; and I, with a vague gesture, said "Oh, I'd always heard it was strength of character, and so on; a square chin, and all that". The swoop of her eagle glance made me wish I had a beard; but her mind is pre-eminently a generalising one, and swept me forthwith into the vast world-crowd of men who regard woman as a toy. I was but as an unit of the crowd she addressed. The reason, I heard, why men imagine strength of character to be a prime bait is that they imagine themselves the stronger sex. And stronger they are, doubtless, in point of muscle; and more concentrated in purpose; and in intellect more capacious. But (the lady continued) these advantages are accidental, not essential. They spring not from the nature of man, but from the defective training of woman. A very muscular, very purposeful, very intellectual woman—a woman trained in advance of the age we live in—is not very attractive to men, because men sub-consciously feel that she is a foe threatening their supremacy. And so she is. But when the battle shall have been won, and the principle of equality established, she will be just as attractive as any other kind of woman. Indeed (I gathered) there won't be any other kind of woman. They will all be what we, for the moment, call manly. And they will be attractive to the other sex in ratio to the amount of physical beauty that they possess. And it is exactly in that ratio that men, even now, are attractive to women. Strength of character: what does any woman, in her heart, care about that? She has been educated, on a man-made system, to think that she by nature needs a protector—some one to think for her and act for her; and the lesson has its superficial effect on her. She meekly repeats with her lips what she has been taught,

and often chooses a mate on the principles laid down for her. But her inward soul is true to itself. Centuries of oppression and misdirection have not availed to change it. First and last, it is physical beauty that women admire and desire in man. They are afraid to say so. They have been taught that it is immodest to say so. Some of them may not even be aware that it is so. But so it is (said my informant).

Perhaps, then, I have wasted my pity on the male choristers of the Gaiety. Perhaps to the women in the audience their aspect is giving just the same sort of pleasure that the men derive from the aspect of the female choristers. It may be that they are apt to receive bouquets and billet-doux from adoring ladies, and are all the while laughing in their sleeves at the men who sit despising their gambols. Maybe, it is not the courage of despair, but the consciousness of victory, that makes them seem so cheerful. Still, even so, their female counterparts on the stage, as not being despised by the women in the audience, and as being openly admired by the men, have the happier existence. In the future—I am not quite clear whether it is a remote or an imminent future—when woman's equality with man shall be established once and for all, here and there you will find a man rejoicing, and him you will know to be a chorister of the Gaiety, no longer overshadowed by his female rivals, no longer serving in a "man-made" theatre. Nightly the women in the audience will display frankly their delight in him. Week after week, the illustrated papers will reproduce full-page photographs of him, from this and that angle. He will be seen supping nightly in splendid restaurants, under chaperonage of his father or uncle, with splendid young Guardswomen. If he is careful, he may marry into the Peerage—who knows?

DR. HORNBY.

THE Provost of Eton was a man who possessed in an extraordinary degree the qualities and accessories of life that instinctively attract the admiration and respect of Englishmen. He had a stately and dignified presence, and a manner which was modest, genial and unaffected. His talk was graceful, lively and humorous, alike without pomposity or reserve. He had been a famous athlete in his youth, both as a cricketer and an oar, and he remained active and dexterous until a very advanced age. He was well-connected and came of a stock distinguished in the military and naval annals of the country. In mind he was alert and clear-sighted, but at the same time cautious and judicious. He could be depended upon to take a sympathetic and liberal view of a question up to a certain point, but beyond that he was tenacious of his opinions and courteously inflexible. It was in fact a typically English combination of qualities, and there was added to it a certain lightness of touch and an unfailing vivacity which made him the most charming of companions. His career was an eminently successful one, and the only wonder is that so richly equipped a personality did not set a deeper mark upon the age in which he lived.

His appointment to the Headmastership of Eton in 1868 was hailed as a triumph of enlightenment and progress. He was the first Headmaster for many generations who had not been an Eton Colleger and a King's-man, and it was high time that the venerable tradition should be broken. Up to that date Eton had been in the hands of a close oligarchy consisting of the Provost and Fellows. The Provost was as a rule an ex-Headmaster, the Fellows were retired masters. The Fellows nominated boys to college, the Collegers succeeded to fellowships at King's, and returned to Eton as masters. On a vacancy in the Headmastership an assistant, generally the senior assistant, was nominated. Yet such a system worked better in practice than might have been expected. Hawtrey, for instance, was a man of cosmopolitan sympathies, liberal-minded and cultivated. But he was an exception to the rule. The traditions of the Headmastership were sound scholar-

ship, unflinching Toryism, and strict discipline tempered by a due deference to the inherited liberties of the boys.

The Public School Commission disestablished the College as then constituted and suppressed the Fellowships. In 1868 the new governing body had to elect a successor to Dr. Balston, who had accepted office reluctantly and was conscientiously opposed to educational reform. Their choice fell upon Hornby, who was the precise opposite of the old-fashioned product. He was essentially a man of the world, and his educational experience had been wide and varied. He was an Etonian, it is true, but he was an Oppidan. He had resided at Oxford on a Brasenose Fellowship, he had been principal of a hall at Durham University, and he had for a short time held the second mastership at Winchester. He stood for Oxford and the humanities as against Cambridge and the verities. He was received at Eton with interest modified by suspicion, and was believed to be insufficiently equipped with practical scholastic experience. But the charm of his personality produced an immediate effect, and he was able to introduce without friction or opposition a large number of much-needed reforms. He introduced modern subjects into the curriculum and increased the hours of work. He was undoubtedly, in a sense, the creator of the modern, civilised, sensible Eton. His subordinates were capable and enthusiastic, and the place flourished greatly under his reasonable and gentlemanly rule. But he was in no sense, like Arnold or Thring, the exponent of new principles, nor the founder of a new type of commonwealth. He cannot be reckoned among the great Headmasters of the time. It was rather that new influences were in the air and that public attention was bearing heavily upon the patent demerits, the barbaric survivals, of the old type of public school. The new wine was already in the old bottles. Hornby by his closer touch with the world, by his greater width of experience, was enabled to give expression to these needs and to start the machine on the right lines, though he supplied but little of the impulsive power.

But it must also be frankly confessed that his personality hardly made itself felt in the great sphere in which he found himself. He formed no intimate relations with his masters, while to the boys he was a gracious and dignified monarch, rather than a commander to be dreaded and adored. He seemed to admit no one inside a certain fence of reserve. He was always courteous, considerate, and just, but he had none of the rough vigour and vehement earnestness that create difficulties and obstacles in their collision with human inertia, and then demolish them by sheer momentum. He was neither eager nor despondent; he had none of those acute reactions characteristic of exuberant natures which, by revealing the depths of personality, win devoted if almost compassionate adherence. Under Hornby things never came to a head. He valued tranquillity and he ensued peace by adroit prevention rather than by energetic dominance. He was firm enough in disciplinary matters and could be absolutely unbending if his mind was made up; but he preferred anything to a last resort. Thus his addresses to the boys on points of order were models of sensible argument and kindly consideration, but he did not aim at nor, indeed, desire any strong personal dominance. The system at Eton has always been that of *divide et impera*, and Hornby made no attempt to modify it. In the case of a man like Arnold, his personality penetrated the community he ruled from end to end; but at Eton Hornby ruled by delegation rather than concentration of authority, and gave his assistants a large degree of independence. In one celebrated case, where he dismissed a prominent colleague on a technical point, he made a grave mistake, but showed a tenacity of purpose worthy of a better cause. His urbanity, his policy of conciliation, had been sometimes mistaken for weakness; but just as he never courted applause, so he was in reality profoundly indifferent to adverse opinion and consistently self-contained.

As a teacher he was admirable. The subjects in which he was really at home were classics and theology, and he taught them soundly and lucidly, with refined

appreciation and sincere enjoyment. But even here the impersonal element came out, and his sixth form regarded him with respect, admiration, and loyalty, but without just that quickened sense of personal responsibility and generous devotion which leaders of men instinctively evoke. He seemed so accessible, he proved so remote; yet his courtesy was unfeigned, his perception of character clear; what he shrank from was any show or expression of emotion.

The same qualities came out in his sermons from the school pulpit, which were models of lucidity, literary refinement, and reasonable piety. They convinced rather than inspired, and stirred reflection rather than emulation. If they lacked fire and directness, they edified and uplifted. They gave an impression of intellectual power, of wholesome ideals, of temperate strength; they never startled the careless or aroused the indifferent; but on thoughtful boys of equable temperament they produced a considerable effect, in harmonising intellectual and spiritual ideals.

The routine work of the Headmaster was in those days very severe, and Hornby bore his burden loyally and serenely. He hardly delegated any of his teaching, and took more than his share of examining. This gave him no time for personal inspection, and he was thus to the majority of boys an august but unfamiliar figure. The strain of work and responsibility was undoubtedly great and told severely upon his strength, so that the latter years of his Headmastership were years of quiet administration rather than vigorous organisation.

Strong and active as he always was, it was undoubtedly a relief to him when, in 1884, he was appointed to the Provostship, vacant by the death of Dr. Goodfellow. He was not yet sixty, but his life work was done. He had no ecclesiastical experience, and, as a churchman of the cautious and academical type, had little sympathy either with theological liberalism or with the advanced High Church party. He had no ambition to rule a diocese or direct the destinies of a cathedral. The dignified leisure of the Provostship was thoroughly congenial to him. He lived a quiet, almost secluded, life at Eton and at Keswick, where he had a house of his own. He read widely, and kept wonderfully in touch with literature and current thought. He preserved to the last a remarkable freshness and vivacity, both of mind and body, and never suffered from the disabilities of age. He entertained little, but was always the most genial and engaging of hosts. His memory was extraordinary, and he had a great fund of reminiscence and anecdote, animated by sympathetic comprehension and enlivened by apt and delicate humour. The Provost was never seen to greater advantage than at a public function of any kind. His natural dignity, his unaffected modesty, his ready geniality, his entire absence of pomposity and self-consciousness enabled him to preside with unexampled grace over a social gathering. His after-dinner speeches were the perfection of good taste and humour and appropriateness. It is remarkable that a task discharged with such entire ease and felicity was apparently so little congenial to him; for he had no taste for public appearances, and consistently withdrew from both social functions and official occasions.

He wielded considerable influence as Chairman of the Governing Body, and by his thorough knowledge of the conditions, his consistent definiteness of view, and his adroit handling of business, he kept the direction of the policy of the school to a large extent in his hands. Like many men who begin as reformers, his views had insensibly crystallised, and though his personal relations with his successor were uniformly cordial, he was not wholly in sympathy with Dr. Warre's vigorous and efficient measures of reform. But he never outstepped constitutional precedent, and though his educational theories might almost be called reactionary, yet no one ever doubted that he was actuated by the sincerest desire for the prosperity and welfare of Eton.

But in appreciating the worth and work of a man who has filled a high position, while it is legitimate and indeed desirable to use entire candour of criticism, we make a grave mistake if we imply or even seem to imply that a policy, positive or negative, is dictated

either by a deliberate abstention or a lack of moral effort. The man's work is the expression of the man, his personality and character, and it is given to few to touch the whole gamut of human qualities. If there appeared to be in the work of Dr. Hornby a certain lack of initiative and emotional force, it was compensated for by many high and gracious qualities. He lived a serious, high-minded, unworldly life, of great simplicity and intellectual enjoyment. In all societies, he exerted a great personal charm. He had a singularly fortunate temperament, with that instinctive moderation, that fine balance of faculties which the Greeks accounted so high a virtue. He endured calamity manfully, he bore the burdens of life lightly. About his cheerful, tranquil nature there was nothing morbid or strained. He laboured abundantly and fruitfully, and he passes from the world in the fulness of days, with faculties unimpaired, after an old age of tranquillity and honour, and with a life behind him that can be called happy as few lives can claim to be called.

NATURE THE CONSERVATIVE.

IN accordance with our modern trick of drawing far-sighted deductions of an ethical or social nature from so-called conclusions of science which are in themselves no more than first approximations to the truth, it has become the fashion of late for all sorts of writers, from professors of eugenics to popular playwrights, to warn us in no measured terms of the danger that civilisation is incurring through its habit of breeding only from its inferior stocks. Thus stated the thesis seems obvious enough; not only is the birth rate declining in the more advanced states, but the decline mainly affects the rich or perhaps more particularly the middle classes; it is the poor, and even the very poor, who nowadays possess large families.

The breeder of racehorses or milch cows proceeds along no such haphazard lines; not only are animals marked by any defect cast at once, but a further selection is made to pick out the very best for sires, and much thought is spent on the mating in order to secure the most desirable combination and intensification of qualities. Modern biology has returned to that study of the work of the breeder which Darwin made the foundation of his theories, and with the general appreciation of the value of Mendel's discoveries we are learning how plastic any race may become and with what quickness and certainty it may now be moulded by a guiding intelligence.

That the human race takes no heed of such possibilities or of the consequences of its heedlessness is obvious enough; no better example need be mentioned than the investigation which Dr. Eliot conducted into the birth rate of the families of Harvard graduates. Roughly speaking, he found that the average family of a Harvard graduate was no more than two, so that, allowing for wastage due to deaths before marriage and assuming that half the births were boys, any given Harvard class is not reproduced in the next generation. In this country, too, it is a matter of common observation that the men of the professional class marry late or not at all; it is not merely that they cannot afford to marry earlier, because standards of wealth are relative, but they are so much occupied in making their professional career, their lives are so rich in alien interests, that they pass through the critical marrying years without being drawn into the general stream of matrimony. Of women who take up a professional career the proportion who remain unmarried is even greater. They have stepped out of the ranks in virtue of their intellect, their training has intensified that side of their character and reduced their instinctive emotional appeal to the mere man, though they may have become not less willing to marry and certainly better fitted for the careers of wives and mothers. As the lady of immemorial tradition explained how she came to have acquired a third husband, "It isn't the money as does it, nor yet the good looks; it's the comither in my eye," and that gift often does not go with intellect.

But if we accept the fact that the race is in the main

being recruited from its lowest strata—from the improvident, the animal, even the criminal, members of society, in far greater numbers than from those whom the world usually delights to honour—is this process a new one, or can it even be described as breeding from the worst, without begging a good many questions? That the process has always been going on in all civilisations of which any record has been preserved may be surmised from the essential unchangeableness of human nature as revealed in history. Man in Periclean times, man even in the earliest of the Egyptian dynasties, was evidently very much what he is to-day; it is only by moving our datum back to the Stone Age that we can be very sure of anything to be called progress. We ought not to compare the course of human affairs to a spiral; a better simile would be the tide, where the waves surge unceasingly up and down but the general level of the water creeps only imperceptibly up the wall. In all ages the human race must have been bred from the broad common stock; the "best" have been the extreme variants in certain directions, the "sports", and like all sports they have been mostly sterile; had it been otherwise, the race would have changed in an accelerating fashion of which we have no evidence.

Moreover, have we any right to identify the "best" with the most intellectual or even with the most efficient from a common worldly point of view? Speaking biologically, the prime concern of the human race is not progress but life. "Give her the glory of going on and not to die"; the best for this purpose are those who do live and increase and multiply. Is Nature, indeed (understanding by Nature merely a convenient term for the dim instinctive trend of the race) so much in need of intellect as to be in any way striving to increase it or extend its sphere of action? The evidence would rather indicate that Nature has always been putting up a fight against intellect, and has been engaged in a constant endeavour to eliminate it both in the individual and the race. The keynote of Nature is stability; she is aiming above all at self-preservation, at life as it is, because such life has been tested by experience and found to work—everything else will be sacrificed to retain life and the possibility of further life. When we look at animals and plants we see how the whole external pressure of the environment seems directed towards the conservation of the existing type; we know that variation exists, but variations are always being smoothed out and eliminated. Darwin founded his theory of the creation of species on the accumulation of minute favourable variations, but it seems difficult to hold that view nowadays after an extended study of the facts of inheritance; hence the current school of thought considers that species arise by sudden and large steps quite different in kind from the normal variations round the type which Darwin had in view, the difference being that they are wholly handed on to the next generation. This theory presents its own logical difficulties, but it must be conceded that species and races are extraordinarily stable in the state of nature where they have to persist under the pressure of competition, that self-same competition upon which Darwin relied to bring the favourable variations to the front. The selective action of the breeder can only operate when his creations are protected from competition; his improved animals or plants when turned out into the world either revert to type or perish. There is a well-known experiment of Lawes in which he left a wheat field unharvested to sow itself and get on as best it could; in four years the wheat, for all its vigour and adaptability to all sorts of climates and soils, had disappeared—pushed off the land by the more aggressive weeds. We may fairly conclude that it is the stable conservative types of society that are most likely to persist, and that Nature is striving to eliminate intellect because a race dominated by intellect would become essentially unstable. Certain episodes in the French Revolution furnish examples of the strange fantasies into which the pursuit of reason may draw human beings, but the whole of history is full of instances of the extremes into which men can argue them-

selves—no madman has ever been half so dangerous as the logician. We have only to imagine the results of putting our own really clever and intellectual friends in control of any large section of public affairs—say, for example, in charge of the education of the young—to realise how jerky and erratic human life would become if intellect were made the guiding force in society. In the world as it is great rewards are often reserved for the intellect of the individual, but only on condition that he somehow makes his intellect work along ordinary lines. Thus the pressure of the circumambient stupidity makes the intellect of the individual effective for the purposes of the race by preventing it from developing in wasteful directions; to be valuable it must be repressed into the lead of a turbine and not allowed to break in foam over the waterfall. Such a conclusion, that Nature is in the main anti-intellectual, is confirmed by the further consideration that intellect, as Bernard Shaw says, is a masculine speciality. Of course nothing is more idle than to talk about masculine and feminine characteristics; only men and women exist, not man and woman. But little as any classification can apply to any individual, we are yet allowed to draw certain broad distinctions between the sexes, and in this general way it is true that woman must be regarded as the repository of the prime instinct of racial preservation. As mother she is self-regarding, though her unit is the family and not herself; from her position as mother again she derives her clear-sightedness, her practical instincts, and the distrust of adventure that marks the true Conservative valuing stability and persistence above all other qualities. Man has only indirectly the cares of the future generation on his hands—he has to be bribed by his senses to the service of the future race at all—and in him is developed the instinct of peacocking. For from the strictly practical point of view—that of handing on life to the next generation, of continuing to be—what else is intellect, art, altruism, the sense of beauty, even the sense of holiness, but vain display? They are illusions all, iridescences by which man strives to adorn the very ordinary part he has to play in the universe, and Nature is always fighting against these illusions in so far as they may tend to make man forget his essential rôle. Some of these illusions Nature has even turned to service as baits whereby man is drawn to woman; but against others, intellect in particular, an endless conflict is being maintained, and no better proof is wanted than the fact that woman, the true measure of permanent values, has always declined either to develop intellect herself or to make much of it in others.

FORBIDDEN THISTLES.

On someone asking whether it was not "wicked" to dabble in the Occult.

R AINY or sunny weather,
Crop your thistle and grass:
Try the length of your tether,
Beyond you cannot pass—
That is best on the whole—
You are only an ass,

Poor Soul.

But let no pedant priest
Hobble you, fix your span;
You are the good God's beast,
And not the slave of man—
That is best on the whole—
Browse as far as you can,

Poor Soul.

Sunny or rainy weather,
Crop your thistle and grass;
God's will your only tether,
And that you cannot pass.
So it is best on the whole—
To be the good God's ass,

Poor Soul!

M. B.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A FINANCIER lately left fifteen or twenty millions sterling to his widow, besides houses and lands. She may claim to be the richest woman in the universe. Two other widows identified by an enterprising journal run her close with sixteen millions each; but the lady to whom an ignorant public has granted that proud title hitherto may hide her head and her paltry eight millions for shame. They are all American of course; the note is pitched far too high for European rivalry. Indeed it is pitiful for anyone interested to look through a list of twelve widows, wives, and maiden ladies, the wealthiest extant, published by the same enterprising journal. Only one English name appears there, one German, and one Chilian. If Lady Burdett-Coutts, the typical heiress of legend, the embodiment of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice half a century ago, were living now, positively she would not be included in the dozen! Not rich enough! The antique pretensions of Miss Kilmansegg, Monte Cristo, Vathek and Lothair would be just ridiculous. Not only do the fortunes of these transatlantic dames pass record; they beggar imagination.

Doubtless the capital was invested profitably by the shrewd persons who collected it, and the return is even larger than would be computed normally. Without impertinence we may speculate how such gigantic incomes are used. A woman could not spend so much even though she gambled, for her opportunities are limited; but if past early youth she will not "chuck it away", as a man might. Relations and friends intercept a great deal, of course. We may venture to take it for granted that a vast sum is dispensed in charity—the woman who does not give when she has an unlimited amount of cash to spare must be a very rare monster. Also, we may take it for granted that a very large part falls into undeserving hands. It is understood that some widows carry on the business of the defunct, and those are the happiest probably, if competent. They have not altogether lost touch with the herd of workaday mortals. While conducting an operation on the Stock Exchange, and dividing the plunder, they may almost cease for the time to be conscious that everybody in the world is plotting against them.

But of the others few even spend their income probably. It suffices to meet any extravagance which a sane person could commit, and saving is an instinct of womanhood; it will be found even in the most reckless though under odd shapes. The hoard will pass, with accumulations, either to a second husband—not much to be envied—or, mostly, to an heir of the younger generation. Of such "golden calves" a score or two are already set up in the United States. Generally, it appears, they employ themselves in business, but they cannot be absorbed therein as their fathers were. Each generation differs from the last in tastes, fancies and ideas, but especially does the man who inherits a fortune differ from the man who made it, as a rule. As yet this jeunesse, so lavishly gilt, seems to content itself with the pursuit of "freaks" by way of amusement—unedifying but harmful only to those who share the sport, unless public decorum be worth consideration. But it is evident that if one of the lively crew turned his hand to mischief for a change he would have fine opportunities. Some thinkers in the United States have not failed to note this risk. The possession of wealth practically boundless by young men uncontrolled and irresponsible is a new portent, though something like it was seen in the last days of republican Rome—an evil omen, though the circumstances are so diverse.

In Europe hitherto the youth succeeding to a great fortune has found himself curbed and fettered by bonds, circumstantial and social, which indeed he could break through by main strength, yet so effective that instances of one disturbing public order without some grave object are very rare. A Duke of Buckingham might embarrass the Government "for fun", but in modern times only the last Duke of Wharton planned a serious disturbance of the public peace to amuse himself. But those restraining influences must be less powerful in the United States.

A great English fortune is nearly always connected with land, which of itself has a steady effect; but the infinitely larger hoards of the New World may be realised at short notice. It is "operations" of this sort, causing wanton panics and confusion, which people seem to fear. But one cannot help thinking that a man of evil nature, with a few millions of dollars at command, might raise trouble even more serious among the swarm of pauper aliens in New York, or among native desperadoes. But it is not necessary that he should be of evil nature. Quite a commonplace youth whose brains are affected by vicious living might conceive the idea of emulating Nero, the past-master of "freaks".

But Europe has an interest in the matter. One would like to be sure that any State is so firmly established, or any population so universally content, as to defy the agitator; but if such a one there be it is not Austria with a dozen hostile races, nor Spain with a Pretender waiting his opportunity and Republicans eager to try again, nor Russia, nor Italy, nor Great Britain with Ireland eternally irreconcilable. None of them could afford to smile if a foreigner, moved by enthusiasm to avenge some interesting nationality oppressed, or only seeking new and grander thrills, undertook to redress the wrong with a bottomless purse. He would not need to run any risks—his money would fly through the land like the Fiery Cross of old whilst he sat comfortable at home. There are countries in Europe where the Government or the Monarchy could be overthrown for a very reasonable sum. A few thousands would suffice to expel the Kings of Greece and Servia; the Bulgarian Tsar could be dismissed almost as cheaply. And there would be openings for personal adventure in these cases attractive to vivacious youth. The late "Empereur du Sahara" showed that a man with capital sufficient can still make himself a king, if he have the courage and energy which that gentleman did not display when the crisis came. Persia and Turkey offer great opportunities to a capitalist in search of excitement. He might buy up the clans of Albania bodily, and restore the throne of Scanderbeg. There is a prospect of the wildest and most various sensations in the idea. But he would not live long to enjoy them. This may sound fantastic; not so the marriage of one of these widows, or stupendous heiresses, to a princelet who lacked only money to raise a host of fanatics, adventurers and brigands. Patriots, too, with a grievance might well be tempted to mischief when they found themselves possessed of boundless wealth—in Bohemia, for instance, or Hungary, the Lithuanian Provinces of Russia or the Polish of Posen. The American wife would be more likely to encourage the enterprise perhaps than to dissuade them.

THE LASKER-JANOWSKI CHESS MATCH.—II.
BY EMANUEL LASKER.

THE "Grand Cercle" is a club that has a handsome suite of rooms upon the Boulevard Montmartre, not far distant from the Opera. Its members are wealthy men, few of them young. The predominating colour of hair is grey. The purpose of the club is to help men in quest of an easy and agreeable pastime to meet each other. One sees all games played there. Carpets covering every inch of the floor exclude noise. One dines well there, and the conversation at the dinner-table is animated. Latterly the club, finding its quarters too narrow, has added to them a suite of rooms of the neighbouring building, and connected the apartments. It is in one of these rooms that the match is taking place.

The paraphernalia are simple: a table covered with green cloth, in the centre of it the chessboard with its pieces, on the sides the scoring sheets, and a clock which measures the time consumed in thinking. On opposite sides, just before the chessboard, the two masters. Sitting on chairs, or standing, sometimes whispering, are M. Goetz, director of play, the seconds chosen for the day and a few spectators willing to look but to resign themselves to silence. In the adjoining two rooms men come and go, and a lively conversation takes place. The game is there being followed, explained, discussed. Everything is in good order, but unluckily the chess-

board reflects the light strongly. The chess master needs his eyes often, and he has therefore an interest to use them economically. Brilliant surfaces excite and fatigue them. The manufacturers of chessboards do not realise this, or else they want to impress him who buys a present rather than to please the user.

The two masters are men of about the same age, approximately forty-one years. Their hair, originally black, is just beginning to be invaded by grey. Janowski is a very dark type; had he a moustache he would look a typical Spaniard, but he is beardless. He dresses with care and taste. He has the patience to study the position even when my clock is running. I am wandering about or sitting with closed eyes in a chair of another room whenever it is Janowski's turn to move. The strong artificial light of the room hurts my eyes. The lid of my right eye was operated upon four weeks ago, and is not yet in order; therefore my eyes are sensitive.

THE THIRD GAME.

RUY LOPEZ.

White	Black	White	Black
Lasker	Janowski	Lasker	Janowski
1. P-K4	P-K4	4. BxKt	QPxP
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	5. PxQ4	PxP
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3		

The character of the position is now declared. White has four pawns to three upon the king's wing, on the opposite wing black has the superiority, but is there hampered by having the QBP doubled and consequently less mobile than normally. On the other hand, black has two bishops upon a board showing few obstructions. The advantages of either party compensate and probably balance each other.

6. QxP	B-KKt5	10. Kt(Q4)-K2	BxKKt
7. Kt-B3	QxQ	11. KxP	BxKt ch
8. Kt x Q	Castles	12. PxP	Kt-B3
9. B-K3	B-Kt5	13. P-B3	Kt-Q2

Black has succeeded in tearing the Q side pawns of white asunder; they would now fall an easy prey to any attack. The question is, whether the hostile pieces can find an approach to them. The road R-K-K4-QR4 is dangerously open. Again Kt-K4-B5 establishes the Kt in a strong yet unassailable position. The right side of white must therefore do some rapid fighting, in order to keep the opposing force occupied.

14. QR-Q Kt-K4 15. R-Q4 P-QKt3
preparatory to P-QB4, to drive the R away that blocks the road to the Kt.

16. P-KB4	Kt-Q2	18. R(Q4)-Q3	Kt-Kt
17. KR-Q	P-QB4		

The Kt has now found a way via B3, R4 to B5 that white cannot make unsafe. White must rapidly advance to force the pace of fighting on the other wing.

19. K-B3 QR-K

He desires to keep his rooks, and he rightly judges that the possession of the open file which he yields to the opponent is of no value; but the danger lies elsewhere.

20. P-B5	P-B3	23. R-K3	Kt-B3
21. B-B4	R-K2	24. P-Kt5	• • •
22. P-KKt4	KR-K		

forcing the exchange of pawns, thus making the backward KP free.

24. • • • Kt-R4

He abides by his original plan of campaign, not seeing that his left wing is already in imminent peril. PxP (25) BxP, R-B2 would have stayed the rush and, although the KP remained a dangerous assailant, with careful defence he would probably have drawn.

25. P-KR4	Kt-B5	28. P-R5	Kt-Q3
26. R-K2	R-B2	29. P-R6	• • •
27. R-KKt	K-Q2		

The KKtP which guards the P that blocks the way to white, the KBP, is thus destroyed. Its fall should have been foreseen six moves ago.

29. • • • BPxP

If P-KKt3 (30) PxKtP, RPxP (31) PxP, RxP (32) P-K5, R(B3)-B (33) PxKt, R x R (34) KxR, R x B (35) R-KR, R-B (36) P-R7, R-KR (37) P x P, K x P (38)

K-B3, marches to R6, then gains, after a rook check, the square Kt7 and wins the rook.

30. R x P	P-KKt3	35. R-Kt2	Kt-K
31. P x P	P x P	36. B-K3	K-K3
32. R x P	R(K)-KB	37. K-B4	K-B2
33. R-Kt7	R x R	38. K-B5	Resigns
34. P x R	R-KKt		

The KKtP can be won, but then the white king marches to K6 and queens the KP, also wins the defenceless black pawns.

THE FOURTH GAME.

FOUR KNIGHTS.

White	Black	White	Black
Janowski	Lasker	Janowski	Lasker
1. P-K4	P-K4	8. P x B	Kt-K2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	9. B-QB4	Kt-Kt3
3. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	10. Kt-R4	Kt-B5
4. B-Kt5	B-Kt5	11. BxKt(B4)	P x B
5. Castles	Castles	12. Kt-B3	B-Kt5
6. P-Q3	P-Q3	13. Q-Q2	• • •
7. B-Kt5	B-Kt5		

Superior to P-KR3, as was played by him in the second game. The pawn on R3 was a mark for the attack, whereas on R2 it is beyond the reach of the knight and makes the position of the king safe against queen and rooks.

13. . . .	BxKt	17. R-Kt5	P-KKt3
14. P x B	Kt-R4	18. QR-KKt	P-KB3
15. K-R	K-R	19. KR-Kt4	QR-K
16. R-KKt	Q-Q2	20. Q-B	• • •

White wants to bring all the heavy artillery of rooks and queen upon the knight's file. The manœuvre is hazardous, because it leaves the remainder of the board to the mercy of black, unless the partly open knight file, so strongly held, exerts sufficient pressure upon the black pieces to pin them to their posts.

20. . . .	P-KB4	23. P x QP	P x P
21. R-Kt5	P-B3	24. B-Kt5	Q-B3
22. Q-KB	P-Q4		

The QBP cannot be defended; if Q-QR, Kt-B3 and later R-QB.

25. Q-Kt2 Q-KB3

This wins the exchange by force. Kt-Kt6 ch is menaced. If (26) P-KR4, P-KR3 (27) R x KtP, Kt-Kt6 ch wins it likewise.

26. R x Kt P x R 27. B x P . . .

The best way out of his difficulties. He keeps open files for rook and bishop and can hope to make a good fight against the superior force of black by constantly threatening the imprisoned king.

27. . . . Q x P 28. Q-Kt5 R-K8

Until this point the game has been a faultless effort of the two masters to arrive at a decision, favourable to themselves, concerning their opinion of the merits of the chosen opening. It was like a well-conducted legal argument; but now the brain, excited by the partial success gained, and fatigued by the multitude of possibilities that it had to examine into, refuses to do service. It was easy to see that white menaced naught beyond the capture of the KBP, easy to defend it by Q-Q5 or Q-Q4, and it would have been wise to make preparations before trying to strike hard, since white could not threaten for a number of moves.

29. Q x P (B4) P-QKt3

P-QKt4 would have been preferable, to hamper the B and the QBP.

30. R x R	Q x Reh	32. B-Kt3	R-B3
31. K-Kt2	Q-K2		

The play of black is here far from being lucid. Better had he done Q-B3 and R-K. The open file is the natural post for the castle.

33. K-B	Q-Q3	36. Q-B3	P-QKt4
34. Q-QB4	K-Kt2	37. Q-K5	• • •
35. P-KB4	Q-Q		

Now white holds the all-important open file and black must make immense efforts to retake it.

37. . . .	Q-Q2	39. K-Q2	• • •
38. K-K2	K-Kt3		

If white advances the QP, R-Q3 follows, and it is difficult to see how white is to advance the pawn beyond the

square Q5. This manœuvre would have sufficed for the draw; but white evidently plays to win.

39. . . . R-B 40. B-K6 Q-B3
threatening Q-B6. If white now advances the QP, black executes the threat, captures the pawns on KB7 and KR7, and retires via R5 and B3 in time to stop the pawn. White had therefore naught better than the draw by B-Q5, Q-Q2, B-K6, etc.

41. Q-K3 . . .

Disappointed hope of a sure success makes him commit this unpardonable error.

41. . . .	R-K	45. B-Q	Q-K8 ch
42. Q-Kt3 ch	K-B3	46. K-B2	R-QB
43. B-Kt3	P-KR3	47. P-QB4	. . .
44. P-QB3	Q-KR8		
If P-Q4, P-Kt5.			
47. . . .	PxP	50. QxP	QxQ ch
48. P-Q4	P-B6	51. KxQ	R-K5
49. Q-K3	R-K	Resigns.	

The score stood on Thursday night: Lasker five, Janowski one, drawn one.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIBERAL WOMEN-FOLK; PRIMROSE DAMES; POLITICAL FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Imperial Colonial Club, 84 Piccadilly W.

4 November 1909.

SIR,—I read with much interest and more dismay the article which appeared in the last SATURDAY REVIEW on "Liberal Woman-folk and their Men". I read it with interest because, in the course of several months of organising work for the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, I came into contact with many Liberal women who viewed with concern the disintegration of their party associations by suffragist members. I read it with dismay because the writer of the article seems to me to justify political unfaith for personal expediency; and this applies as much to the Conservatives as to the Liberals. I also write of Conservative and Liberal women in the sense of your writer, and mean a woman who has attached herself to an organisation of either party, and who professes to uphold the principles of that party—whether imperial or domestic.

The woman who puts the vote above all other questions has a perfect right to her opinions. But, in common honesty, she has no right to allow her name to be borne on the books of a party association, and to use that association to forward her personal opinions to the detriment of that same party. The only course possible to a straightforward woman is that followed by the four women who have recently resigned their official connexion with the Birmingham Liberal Association; they regard "woman's enfranchisement as a claim superior to that of party", and they write: "Now that an election on other issues appears imminent we feel it would be unfair, both to you and ourselves, to remain till the moment for action in a position the duties of which we are unable conscientiously to discharge". This course has unfortunately not appealed to most women suffragists, and the Conservatives seem as likely to suffer as their opponents have done if we may judge by the recent correspondence between the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association and the Primrose League. This Suffrage Society works on the lines of the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies, and has the same policy except that it "does not work against a Conservative candidate should he not be in favour of the Enfranchisement of Women". The Grand Council of the Primrose League sanctions this attitude in that it regards the question as one "of opinion and not of principle"; it therefore is satisfied that members of the Primrose League have done all that is required of them in not working against an official candidate. Naturally, the Unionist Franchise Women now invite further support "as this statement makes it perfectly clear that by so doing they run no risk of

injuring, even indirectly, principles in which they are so vitally concerned".

It is absurd for women of considerable social and political importance who have for years devoted themselves to the support of the Unionist party to pretend that they can suddenly abstain from taking an active part in the coming General Election without influencing "even indirectly" the fortunes of that party. Voters whom they have previously brought to the poll will naturally ask themselves what is the motive of this neutrality and will, in many cases, refrain from recording their vote—even if they do not allow themselves to be persuaded to vote adversely. At an earlier stage in the movement these women may have fondly thought that their votes would help to stem the tide of socialism and secularism. After months of discussion in the periodicals of all sorts of political and religious faith they can be under no such delusion and must be regarded as those who

"Knowing the end was foolish,
And guessing the goal was pain,
Stupid, and stubborn, and mulish—
Followed and follow again".

The Conservative party wants all the help and support it can get, and suffragists and anti-suffragists who believe in its principles should sink their differences in the face of the many more urgent problems now before the country. Unless they do so they must realise that they will have reason later to regret their inaction. And the leaders of the party will have, like the Liberals to-day, to say that "it is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour; . . . but mine own familiar friend".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ANNIE J. LINDSAY.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE VOTE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club, S.W., 4 November 1909.

SIR,—You say in your current issue: "As the General Election draws nearer a sense of fear seems to be creeping over some Liberals whether after all the anger of their women may not wreck them at the polls".

As the Liberal candidate for East Berks is described in the next sentence as writing to various newspapers, presumably under this sense of fear, I am bound to say that your contributor has entirely overlooked the main point of my efforts, to which he spares room to refer. The abstention of Liberal women from the coming election will result, so I expressed myself, not in the weakening of Liberalism but the collapse of the Women's Liberal Federation. I make this correction in order that readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may not be beguiled by the alleged "sense of fear" which is coming over their opponents.

The prominence given in your article to the Women's Liberal Federation without any apparent knowledge of the existence of the Women's National Liberal Association (an older and more influential body) suggests that the inquiries made for you should be supervised by someone conversant with the facts.

Yours,
"THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR EAST BERKS".

THE "GLORIOUS" SCOT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 October 1909.

SIR,—"A Coimheach's" delightful letter to your REVIEW of the 23rd does not go far enough in painting the picture of Edinburgh's Saturnalia.

After marching through the streets of Edinburgh and by the way picking up a huge mass of unwelcome and generally unsympathetic followers, Scotland's women, great and humble, rich and poor, came forth from the Waverley Market wildly excited; the Suffragettes

dispersed, but the mob remained and quickly increased to immense proportions. Classes and masses became inextricably mixed, and seemed to enjoy it. Men and women, lads and lassies, felt all class prejudice broken down for the time. "A man's a man for a' that" seemed to be the motto of the women who embraced men, complete strangers up till that moment, and swept them into public-houses and hotel bars.

The afternoon wore on and the mob grew wilder; dusk showed gutters full of drunken men and women, and streets impassable for crowds of ladies not foul but with just a drappie in the e'e, waving their tartan plaids and showing their sex how to enjoy equal liberty with men in all things.

At first the aristocrats and great men of the north merely crowded to their club windows to gaze on the throng; but, irresistibly attracted by the wild excitement, they too joined in the madness, and soon with new-found friends were pressing into drinking-places and helping on the universal brotherhood of man. Gradually as the good drink mounted to the brain the serious political business of the day was forgotten, and famous Scottish songs rose with an awful skirl from ten thousand wetted throats. In side streets wild dances were started; ladies with dresses kilted to the knee footed it with ardent companions, amidst drunken hooches and yells. Reels followed strathspeys in mad succession, only occasionally interrupted by playful charges of the Highland gentry, who with drawn skian dhuhs and the convenient but cool philabeg fluttering in the breeze showed that the ancient spirit of Killiecrankie was still alive.

The departure of the last train for Glasgow was a sight never to be forgotten. The station was packed with a seething mass of unsteady, lurching creatures. The railway officials with splendid determination flung passengers into the carriages regardless of class, and locked the doors. Everybody was drunk, so nobody could complain. This, no doubt, is the solution for "Disgusted Englishman".

Do I say that everybody in Edinburgh was drunk that night? Yes; and I go further and say that everyone in Scotland was in the same condition (except, of course, myself and possibly "A Coimheach"). But all, every man-jack of them, went to kirk the following day as stiff and buckram as could be (except myself and, I think, "A Coimheach", who stayed at home to write to you). The remedy for non-churchgoing has been found.

Far into the small hours of that wild night I parted from a learned member of the Franco-Scottish Society. Throwing back his head, he placed his bottle to his lips and took the last of the grateful spirit at a gulp; then, flinging the derelict from him, muttered "A splendid nicht of bonhomie and booze".

I am yours respectfully,
A LOVER OF TRUTH.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Croydon, 29 October 1909.

SIR,—The writer of the article "Hens, Goats and Small Holdings" in your issue of the 2nd inst. referred to the experiment to be made by the "Residential Small Holdings Company, Limited" to create small holdings on a rental basis, giving fixity of tenure and of rent to the tenants.

The company have only recently come to a fairly definite decision as to the lines they intend to follow, and therefore it seems only right to say now that the writer of the article ascribed a higher aim to the company than it actually has in view at the present moment. For where he writes of "a man with a mind large enough for fifty acres", evidently under the impression that in such a case a fairly large holding will be created, the company have determined to aim at giving only about five acres, while "for the man of four (acres)" the intention is to give one acre only, or less.

Although the chief object of those interested in the company is to put into practice the principles laid down by the late Major Shipson in "The Redemption of

Labour", there is also the desire to benefit the greatest possible number of people.

The intention is therefore to build some houses to be let with about an acre of land to agricultural labourers and other wage-earners in the locality, and some to be let with from five to six acres each, to be farmed for a living. The company will retain and farm one holding for the present, and will help the tenants by ploughing, marketing produce, etc., for them, for which a reasonable charge will be made. It will also foster co-operation among the tenants. The latter are to have perpetual fixity of tenure and of rent, with the right to determine the tenancy at any time on giving six months' notice. The fact that this last is a necessary safeguard for them indicates the weakest point of the scheme. If Major Shipson's principles could be carried out in their entirety the tenants would increase steadily in prosperity, and although the company could never raise the rents it would also benefit, because the purchasing power of the money in which the rent was paid would also increase over all that was not food.

But agricultural rent contracts imply the surrender of a given amount of produce to the landlord, which for convenience is expressed in a fixed amount of money. The actual amount of produce, however, to be sold yearly to realise the sum of money required may vary enormously quite independently of harvests because of a rise or fall in the purchasing power of money over food. Any considerable fall is less probable than a rise, which would mean a fall in food prices. In such an event, if the tenants find themselves unable to pay the rents, they may be expected to abandon their holdings, and as in good times the company is going to refrain from increasing rents, it stands to lose on the balance.

It is, however, the main purpose of those interested in this movement to show that the risk for landowners is a real one if they let their agricultural land on the only terms which tenants can feel to be fair. If this is once appreciated it is hoped that the public and the landowners will study the remedies proposed by Major Shipson, as, after the legislation affecting landowners in recent years, first in Ireland and now throughout the whole country, it is obvious that if the private ownership of land is to continue some better form of tenure for tenants must be devised. For the people are slowly grasping the fact that if they are to have real economic freedom they must have free access to the land, if they are not to be doomed to semi-starvation because of the growing curse of unemployment.

When they are fully alive to this, if they are not given the access they need by fair means, will it be surprising if they get it by foul ones as soon as they fully appreciate the strength of an educated democracy armed with the vote? A study of Shipson's writings will show that access can be granted them by fair means to the benefit of the landowners and the entire country, and he wrote in his preface that "the dangers lie ahead not in the unwillingness of the rich to do justice or in a resolve of the poor to disregard it, but rather in the ignorance of both as to what justice is and how it may be obtained".

I do not doubt that with such study all fears as to the future of our country will be set at rest, for it will be seen that she still has a glorious part to play in advancing the civilisation of the world. But if they fail to do so, and allow these words to remain unheeded and continue to leave us "in ignorance as to what justice is and how it can be obtained", it is probable that the days of the civilisation of this Empire are numbered.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CHELA.

CADIZ, OHIO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cadiz, Ohio, 16 October 1909.

SIR,—The "World's Work" for September quotes you as saying that the Americans are no more civilised

than the Japanese. The reading of that paragraph recalled to my mind the following : About ten years ago a young Englishman arrived in this town to work for his uncle. He came directly to Cadiz from England. I met him after he had been here a few days, and he surprised me by inquiring when we would have a lynching or a murder. As this town was incorporated one hundred and five years ago, and has never had a murder or a lynching within its limits, I was somewhat surprised at such a question. In the conversation that followed I found that I knew much more about England than my friend from across the water knew about America. We had practically the same amount of schooling, but in our Cadiz schools we have a course in map study of England, with twenty pages of text on our mother country in our geographies, and we also include in our public-school course a 500-page text-book on English history and a work of equal size on English literature.

I also asked an English gentleman who filled a number of our annual lecture course in 1897 as to how this little city compared with one of equal size in England. One thing he said in answer was that the main thing to distinguish the two towns would be the amount of beer consumed abroad compared with what we drink here. I am forty years of age, and have never yet seen a woman intoxicated, and have travelled considerably. How many Englishmen can say as much? There are no saloons in Cadiz, and have been none in our county for the past fifteen years. We have a law in operation in Ohio that makes it possible forcibly to enter a place where liquor is supposed to be sold in prohibition territory and confiscate the "goods", if any are found. Such things have been done, and if it happens to be a rented building the owner can be made to pay \$1000 liquor tax, and the "boot-legger" (one who sells or peddles liquor in prohibition territory) can be fined \$200 and sent to the workhouse for sixty days. Such fines as the above have been assessed here in Cadiz. Sixty-eight out of eighty-eight Ohio counties are "dry".

I mentioned an annual winter lecture course. We spend annually \$2500 to bring lecturers and entertainers here for a two weeks' Chautauqua in August, and through the winter months there are a number of clubs and organisations for culture and improvement, such as the Shakespeare Club, Choral Society, and the Cadiz Women's Club, which took English literature as the study for this winter. Our public library (not a Carnegie dollar in it) has four volumes for every man, woman and child in our town, and our four banks and four building and loan associations have about \$3000 in deposits for each inhabitant of our city. We can show \$5 postal receipts at our post office for each citizen, which entitles us to free city delivery.

Cadiz is an average American town, and about half of the population of the United States live very similarly to the manner of life in this place. Examine the pictures I enclose and note the bank statements, and point to an English town of equal size, 2150 inhabitants, not the suburbs of a city, that can be compared to this town in wealth, culture and learning.

Very truly yours,

HARRY B. McCONNELL,
Foreman " Cadiz Republican ".

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Halifax (N.S.), 12 October 1909.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith, in his introductory note to the edition of Bastiat's "Fallacies of Protection", recently published by the Cobden Club, says : "The 'Economic Sophisms' are no more out of date than 'The Wealth of Nations'". Is not the distinguished statesman's syntax a little faulty in the sentence quoted?

Yours etc.,

J. A. CHISHOLM.

REVIEWS.

MUDRAKING.

"Chateaubriand and his Court of Women." By Francis Gribble. London: Chapman and Hall. 1909. 15s. net.

"Byron: The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe. London: Murray. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

If these books must needs come out, it is a happy chance that brings them out simultaneously. Chateaubriand and Byron were born to be mentioned in the same breath, born to be placed the one beside the other for the purpose of being compared and contrasted. Chateaubriand himself saw that he was destined to be bracketed with the Englishman. He cried out upon Byron for having committed the worst of plagiarisms, for having, in fact, borrowed from his personality without acknowledgment. Well, René was, at any rate, the first to be conceived; so perhaps he had a right to resent the conception of Childe Harold. But Childe Harold need not fear for his independent existence on that account. Childe Harold was no more a plagiarism upon René than René was a plagiarism upon Werther. René, Childe Harold, Werther, Obermann—these names are but symptoms of a common ailment. They were, to employ a homely metaphor, the measles of the young century. A new Renaissance was sweeping through Europe. There was young genius and young blood. There was an outworn society and decrepit ideals. Young genius grew melancholy, and wore the raiment of young cynicism. Young genius had its sorrows; it draped them beautifully, it allowed the lip to curl, the eye to cloud itself; it cultivated pilgrimage; it put vine-leaves in the hair, drinking the cup and apostrophising the dregs; it posed before the mirror of time with a coxcombry that was too transparent to be very hateful. Moreover, it had that perennial excuse for all sounding and beautiful folly, it was young. It needed the excuse badly enough. It had no respect. Byron respected neither Michael nor S. Peter. It had no regard for the truth, but lied in pure fulness of heart, almost as if it wanted to be found out. Did not Chateaubriand see flamingoes on the banks of the Mississippi? As for religion, it either loved it for aesthetic reasons, or openly blasphemed. It was faithless and cruel in its loves, unaccountable in its conduct, incorrigible in its weak sins, swift to apprehend evil and swifter still to run into it. It fed a curiosity that was insatiable and appetites that were boundless. It called its curiosity by the name of spiritual hunger, and the satisfaction of its appetites by the name of self-discovery.

If Chateaubriand and Byron make a very proper pair, so do these two books about them. From Mr. Gribble we know what to expect. Mr. Gribble is something of a scholar, and has read and written himself into a pleasing style. But it is difficult to fiddle upon one string. It requires an unbounded virtuosity, and even then the fiddling offends quite as much as it pleases. If man or woman were entirely made up of illicit sex relations, Mr. Gribble's knowledge of human nature would be great indeed. He has done this sort of thing so often. Madame de Staél could keep nothing from him. He followed Rousseau into dark, unsavoury places. George Sand could not undress herself completely enough for his liking; he must strip her of yet a little more. Mr. Gribble treated his subjects as delicately as was compatible with the operation he was performing upon them. The extent of his obligation to perform this operation he must be left to settle with himself.

Now it is the turn of Chateaubriand. The "Court of Women" is pleasantly diversified. There was one who loved him by letter until, on being met, she was found by the object of her epistolary affection to be too old to be loved in any other way. There was one who loved him truly, and devoted a life to his interests without the richest of returns. There was another, whom we like best, who was a frankly vicious young woman, and actually left Chateaubriand before he was willing

to be left. One was an English girl from whom he ran away because he was a married man. This was an instructive case, showing that, even in this kind of contract, it takes two to make a bargain. It was characteristic of Chateaubriand that he loved this girl all his life, whenever he had time to think of it, till he met her again grown to middle age. As for the others, they are all there to be discovered by anyone foolish enough to read the book.

We are compelled to take Mr. Edgcumbe a little more seriously than Mr. Gribble; but we do so unwillingly enough. Mr. Edgcumbe makes certain claims; and, before refusing to allow them, it is necessary, not indeed to consider them very seriously, but at least to state what they are. He claims to have solved what is sometimes called "The Byron Mystery". It is unfortunately necessary, owing to Mr. Edgcumbe, to recall that the old Beecher-Stowe charge of incest was recently revived by Lord Lovelace in a volume entitled "Astarte". Mr. Edgcumbe sets out, with regret that is protested a little too much, to confute Lord Lovelace and to clear the memory of Mrs. Augusta Leigh. In course of doing so he is reluctantly—very reluctantly, as he tells us many times—compelled to besmirch the memory of Mrs. Musters, the Mary Chaworth of Byron's earlier years. He contends that Medora, the reputed child of Mrs. Leigh, was the natural daughter of Byron and Mrs. Musters, and that Mrs. Leigh consented to play the mother, and to accept the charge of incest, in order to shield Mrs. Musters. There is only one excuse for putting forward such a case. It must have proof, the clearest and most indubitable proof. It reflects very seriously upon Mr. Edgcumbe that such proof is not in the present volume forthcoming. Mr. Edgcumbe rests his case upon strained interpretations of certain poems that are in themselves utterly inconclusive, and upon the filling-in of blank spaces in certain correspondence with the name he would like to see in those spaces. At best his case is an artfully contrived piece of circumstantial evidence. There is nothing here in the nature of proof. His case would remain in doubt even if it were, on general principles, a credible case. It is the most humanly incredible case that ever came into court.

The absurdity of Mr. Edgcumbe's enterprise lies in the fact that if it had succeeded he would have defeated his own purpose. He sets out to clear Byron's memory of a stain. If he has succeeded in proving that Byron did not commit incest with his sister, he has also succeeded in proving that Byron allowed his sister to live under suspicion of that crime, when he could have set all right by a word. Byron, if the new theory be admitted, suffered his sister to bear the burden of a greater guilt in order to shield himself and his mistress from a lesser. This mistress, ex hypothesi accepting the sacrifice, was not worthy of it.

But Mr. Edgcumbe has not proved his case, and has put Byron in fresh peril with the public. He has set up against Lord Lovelace a theory of the most dubious kind. He has given his readers to understand that the truth lies between him and Lord Lovelace. His readers will certainly not accept Mr. Edgcumbe. Therefore they will tend to believe Lord Lovelace after all. We can only protest against this, and hope that Mr. Edgcumbe's book will not influence opinion one way or the other. The truth does not necessarily lie between these two writers at all.

But we have said too much about this already. Mr. Edgcumbe's book is best bracketed with Mr. Gribble's. It belongs to the same category, though it sets out more ambitiously. It is a useless and deplorable stirring of the mud. Both these books are impertinent studies in the seamy side of genius. The less wholesome aspects of Byron's life are best left unread, or read, as he himself intended, in his poetry. Chateaubriand, too, revealed himself quite sufficiently in his writings, and requires no one but himself to edit the transparent romances which he built upon his own varied experience. Mr. Gribble is too seasoned an offender to be whipped into any sort of repentance; and he offends with a grace that disposes the offence. As for

Mr. Edgcumbe, we suggest that he republish his book with the second portion omitted. The first portion—that dealing with Byron's last days at Missolonghi—is at any rate quite harmless, if it is not quite necessary.

ALLUSIONS TO SHAKESPEARE.

"The Shakspere Allusion-Book: a Collection of Allusions to Shakspere from 1591 to 1700." Originally compiled by C. M. Ingleby, Miss L. Toulmin Smith, and by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, with the assistance of the New Shakspere Society; and now re-edited, revised, and re-arranged, with an Introduction by John Munro. London: Chatto and Windus. 2 vols. 21s. net.

M R. MUNRO'S introduction to these interesting volumes enhances their value, but the opening sentences are too stiff and magisterial. It is unfortunate that he should dwell so solemnly on "the necessity for absolute accuracy", for we have found several irritating misprints: e.g. "the Douce Collection at South Kensington" (i. 146) for the "Dyce Collection"; "1578" (i. 173) instead of "1598" as the date of Haughton's "A Woman will have her Will"; "Law's 'Day Tricks'" (i. 320) for "Day's 'Law Tricks'"; "Nathaniel Hooke" (ii. 27) for "Nicholas Hooke". On page 202 of vol. i. we are truly amazed to read that the song (from "Measure for Measure") "Take, oh, take those lips away" is "now generally given to 'Kit Marlowe' on Isaac Walton's authority". Walton has thousands of readers, learned and simple; and not a man or boy among them forgets that the "smooth song" attributed to Marlowe in the "Compleat Angler" is "Come, live with me and be my love".

The late Dr. C. M. Ingleby, whose "Centurie of Praye" laid the foundation for the present work, was fond of girding at an abler scholar than himself, Alexander Dyce. It is a pity that his depreciatory references to Dyce, who rendered inestimable service to lovers of Elizabethan literature, have been allowed to stand; and we are sorry that Dr. Furnivall's somewhat acrimonious reflections on kind-hearted Halliwell-Phillipps were not unreservedly withdrawn. In a book dedicated to the praise of the "gentle" Shakespeare we do not want to be reminded of the "pigmy wars" of latter-day Shakespearean commentators.

Of all the panegyrics on Shakespeare the finest were Ben Jonson's before the First Folio and in the "Discoveries"; yet even to-day—so hard is it to stamp out a calumny that has once been bruited—may be found scholars (Mr. Munro is happily not among them) who persist in regarding Jonson's praise as hollow and insincere. A very weighty tribute was the poem of unknown authorship before the Second Folio, "A Mind reflecting ages past" etc., mysteriously subscribed "I. M. S." Among the most interesting of the early commendatory poems was Leonard Digges' eulogium prefixed to the 1610 "Poems". Digges testified most emphatically to the fact that plays of Shakespeare—"Julius Caesar", "Othello", "Henry IV.", "Much Ado", "Twelfth Night"—never failed to draw crowded houses, while Ben Jonson's "tedious (but well-laboured) 'Catiline'" was refused a hearing, and even the "Fox" and "Alchemist"

"scarce defraid the Seacoale fire
And doore-keepers".

Yet among his contemporaries (particularly the younger men of letters) Ben Jonson had admirers who deliberately preferred his plays to Shakespeare's; and even in Dryden's time there were writers—Shadwell and others—who regarded Jonson as the greater master, though Dryden himself came at last to recognise clearly the supremacy of Shakespeare.

At the end of the second volume is a valuable appendix by Mr. Charles Crawford on John Bodenham's "Belvedere", 1600, a collection of snippets (single lines or double lines) from the poets and dramatists of the age. There are between three and

four thousand quotations ; and with immense industry Mr. Crawford has contrived " to trace to their sources about twelve hundred of these, or a third of the whole, including, I believe, all those from Shakespeare ". He writes :

" An examination of my results discloses the pleasing fact that, up to the present, Shakespeare holds the field against all contributors, as regards the number of passages quoted or misquoted from a single author, his figure, excluding ' Edward III.', being 213. Next follows Samuel Daniel, with 208, then Edmund Spenser, with 186. Drayton also contributes a great many single lines ; but much of his work, in its original form, is not accessible to ordinary scholars."

" *Venus and Adonis* " was a far more popular poem than " *Lucrece* ", but in " *Belvedere* " Mr. Crawford has found ninety-two quotations from the sententious " *Lucrece* " and only thirty-five from " *Venus and Adonis* ". " *Richard II.*" supplies forty-seven quotations, " *Richard III.*" thirteen, " *Romeo and Juliet* " (text of 1597 quarto) twelve. " *Belvedere* " is a tiresome collection, and Mr. Crawford is the first scholar who has been at the pains to examine it carefully. Apart from its Shakespearean value, his paper has many points of interest.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was an indifferent poet, Samuel Sheppard, who on several occasions refers to Shakespeare. The references in Sheppard's published writings are noted by Mr. Munro, but he has overlooked the unpublished " *Faerie King* ", circ. 1650. Twenty years ago an account of this tedious work was given in the SATURDAY REVIEW (10 August 1889), and we quoted the following poor stanza on Shakespeare :

" Shakespeare the next, who wrot so much so well,
That when I view his Bulke I stand amaz'd :
A Genius so inexhaustible
That hath such tall and numerous trophies rais'd ;
Let him bee thought a Block, an Infidell,
Shall dare to skreene the lustre of his praise,
Whose works shall find (their due) a deathless date,
Scorning the teeth of Time or force of Fate ".

Sheppard was fond of paying high-flown, ridiculous compliments to the poets of his time : in an epigram on the " most excellent tragedy of ' Albovina ' " he assured Davenant

" Shakespeare's ' Othello ', Johnson's ' Cataline ',
Would lose their luster, were thy ' Albovina '
Placed betwixt them ".

Another unabashed, outrageous flatterer was Paul Aylward, who in 1645 commended Henry Burkhead's " *Cola's Fury* " :

" You I preferre. Johnson for all his wit
Could never paint out times as you have hit
The manners of our age: The fame declines
Of ne're enough prays'd Shakespeare if thy lines
Come to be publisht : Beaumont and Fletcher's skill
Submitts to yours, and your more learned quill ".

But Aylward may have been laughing in his sleeve ; and we fear that " *Philaster*, St. John's College ", was quizzing Mrs. Jane Barker when he commended her " *Poetical Recreations* ", 1691 :

" When in a Comick Sweetness you appear,
Ben Johnson's humour seems revived there.
When lofty Passions thunder from your Pen,
Methinks I hear Great Shakespeare once again.
But what do's most your Poetry command?
You ev'n begin where those great Wits did end ? "

OUT-OF-WORK THEORIES.

" *Unemployment.* " By W. H. Beveridge. London : Longmans. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

SINCE Mr. Beveridge published his book he has been promoted to the control of the new Labour Exchanges. Here indeed is an opportunity seldom given for a practical conclusion to theoretical premises. It will be awaited with interest, and a curiosity not unkind.

Able and careful controversialist as Mr. Beveridge is, we are inclined to think that his mind is unduly warped by horror of academic heresy. Developing the theory that in our modern industrial system cyclical fluctuations of trade are inevitable, his argument leads on to, and practically ends in, the organisation of the reserves of labour caused by such fluctuations ; in other words, labour exchanges will provide men with the jobs they can do, and employers with the men they want. To stop here would leave but a lame conclusion, so we are given unemployment insurance to fill in the gap. Mr. Beveridge has his labour exchanges, and next year, or the year after perhaps, may get his unemployment insurance. Is the remedy sufficient? No one will deny that labour exchanges, if properly managed and freely accepted by employers and unions alike, will diminish unemployment to the extent of filling vacant places wanted by willing workers ; but what of the willing workers for whom there are no vacant places? Insurance, a panacea, is the reply ; but the power of any group of workers to insure themselves against unemployment depends on the average prosperity of their trade, and that in the end rests entirely on the market the trade can find at home and abroad. Then have fiscal changes nothing to do with international markets?—but we beg pardon, for tariffs are evidently among the " any such proposals " which " have to be attacked and defended on grounds alien to the present inquiry ". Even orthodox economists sometimes mix up cause and effect, and we rather agree with the practical heretic who thinks there would be less unemployment if there were only more jobs to go round.

Whatever views they may profess on fiscal matters, most of Mr. Beveridge's readers will agree with him that State and municipal employment cannot effectively provide a reservoir of labour for industrial fluctuations : he shows how this expedient tends to become relief work in which men get regularly more wages than ever they earn, and wages which have no relation to the competence or industry of the workers. Apparently " public business and public relief cannot be combined ".

One of our greatest modern social difficulties is the rapid increase in the numbers of casual workers. Mr. Beveridge would use his labour exchanges to convert the casual—docker, for instance—into a regular worker. Thus he cuts right across the Labour party's plan, " less hours for the few and more employment for all ", and gives a living wage to a certain fit minority, leaving the rest, who according to his theory are only occasional workers ordinarily living upon charity or the labour of their families, to the Poor Law as reformed. A drastic proposal, but certainly in the direction of sifting workers from shirkers, which after all is the main problem of casual unemployment.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Beveridge's book is his examination of the difficulties which beset older workers in finding fresh employment. He seems to be against the popular view, and cites in support his distress-committee experience of the comparative absence of elderly applicants, but reasonably allows, on the other hand, that trades union returns are by no means comprehensive enough to settle the question. We prefer the experience of the workers themselves, and their general belief clearly is that even middle age tells strongly against them. No doubt the Compensation Act has done something to intensify the difficulty, but the main reason is probably the stress of modern competition—the young and vigorous elbowing out their seniors.

We cannot follow Mr. Beveridge in the easy view he takes of the mobility of labour : that changes in industry come so gradually that the few people displaced are usually absorbed in some other trade. No allowance is made for the long months of unemployment which occur in trades like shipbuilding and its allied industries. Labour exchanges cannot create work ; even unemployment benefits come to an end, and no scheme has yet been proposed which will carry the workers over more than a short period of trade slackness. Once in the out-of-work morass a workman finds

it very hard to get back to firm ground; most sink deeper, and even those who are able to grasp the chance reviving trade offers them have, in the bitter fight against want and misery, lost much of their old skill and efficiency.

Germany nowadays is held up as a model to all good social reformers, and our civil servants are always being hurried over there to look round. But are the conditions similar? and would the same results follow here? Germany's tariff protects her labour; what our workers produce is open to the competition of the world. Germany looks after her producers; in England we worship the consumer. Would not consideration for our own producers to some extent solve the problem of unemployment?

"OUR DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH."

"Maria Edgeworth and her Circle." By Constance Hill. London: Lane. 1909. 21s. net.

If it is safe to judge from the continued reprints, the "appreciations" and the growth of ana, we may think that the restored fame of three or four literary ladies—"female writers" they would have called themselves—who flourished in England about the beginning of the last century rests for the present on a secure base. It would be a pleasing exercise among the curiosities of literature to compare the fervour of the first reception, the extent of the subsequent neglect, and the reality of the present return to favour in the several cases of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth: Susan Ferrier seems at the moment to await her turn. If we could wholly suppress a doubt whether handsomely illustrated biographies and cheap editions with "introductions" really mean that the text is read by any considerable number of people, the renewed vogue of the three novelists would be one of the most favourable symptoms in the present state of the fiction market.

This flourishing anew is perhaps most remarkable in the case of Miss Edgeworth. Through all the acclamation of her first success—no mere review applause, but a lionising by society sufficient to raise green envy in the most widely circulated of her modern sisters of the pen—in spite of the generous recognition of her powers by the chiefs of criticism, there are signs of a certain tinge of gentle ridicule in the appreciation of the authoress, a touch of affectionate quizzing, something of a "who'd-have-thought-it?" attitude such as might be shown to a petted infant prodigy. There are traces of this to be seen when Scott writes to Joanna Baillie in 1825: "I have not the pen of our friend Maria Edgeworth, who writes all the while she laughs, talks, eats and drinks, and I believe, though I do not pretend to be so far in the secret, all the time she sleeps too"; and the impression remains in Fitzgerald's letter from Edgeworthstown to Bernard Barton in 1841, when he reports "the great Maria" "as busy as a bee, making a catalogue of her books beside me, chattering away . . . really a very entertaining person". Besides this lack of the imposing, there was of course the presence of the didactic side of her character, the Harry-and-Lucy element which made Byron call Donna Inez "Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers", and Sainte-Beuve speak of Mlle. Scudéry as "une Miss Edgeworth . . . une excellente maîtresse de pension", and Ruskin in one of the footnote second thoughts in "The Stones of Venice" confess his earlier self "a little Edgeworthian gosling". Of course no one who is capable of enjoying "Castle Rackrent" or "The Absentee" will find the smallest check in such accidents as these; but there is matter for cheerful surprise in the fact that what we call the reading public has to all appearance got over an obstacle of some standing. The revival of taste seems to be on logical lines of selection; there is no sign at present of a restoration of Mrs. Radcliffe or Hannah More; it perhaps allows a hope of acts of justice yet to come, of rediscoveries of merit still largely self-obscured, a due recognition some day of Hood, perhaps even of Crabbe.

As a specimen of the present state of Edgeworthiana

Miss Hill's book should encourage the faithful. It makes no pretence to criticism; it is a pleasantly discursive gathering-up of Maria's comings and goings, of scraps of her letters—in a few cases from unpublished manuscripts—of the doings of her relations and friends, sometimes to a rather distant remove, between the years 1801 and 1820. The width over which the net has been cast is a measure of the industry which has already searched the ground. Full praise is due to Miss Hill for the thoroughness with which she has chronicled the travels, the gaieties in high places, the acquaintance, the risks of a visit to Paris and a timely flight home, which have such a curious bearing—or want of bearing—on Miss Edgeworth's books. This is so capably done, and offers so many clues of reference which are consequent, if at times rather fine-spun, that the reader will probably regret the inclusion of several chapters whose connexion with the subject is thin to the point of invisibility. There is no sufficient excuse for giving us sections on the volunteer enthusiasm in Britain at the time of the threatened invasion, or on the restoration of the Bourbons, merely because Miss Edgeworth had been in France just before that time. Her sole connexion with the chapter called "After Waterloo" appears to lie in her description of a Lord Mayor's feast at Drogheda in honour of the victory and a joke about the disappearance of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medicis (sic) after the entry of the Allies into Paris. All this might well have been replaced by an expansion of the brief notes on the life at Edgeworthstown, which are confined to a couple of pages in the preface.

NOVELS.

"Great Possessions." By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans. 1909. 6s.

One can imagine a conflict in the construction of "Great Possessions" between the author's personal inclinations and the concession she considered necessary to the public demand. The best work in the book is the part of it which is most detached from its project and least dependent on the working-out of a plot. The first two chapters, which do not even suggest a story, reach, in a vein of delicate reflection, a level from which the rest of the book declines. There is very little subtlety and not much penetration in their study of the widow suddenly faced with despairing suspicions regarding the husband she has just lost; but there is fine feeling, a wide quiet view, and a grave tenderness of handling. These are the qualities which give the book what distinction it possesses, but thereafter they have to struggle for expression through the tightening meshes of the plot. It is this plot which one imagines conceived as essential to a hold on the public's interest, but it does no service to the story as a work of art. It is the story of a lost will, and the very mention of so overworked a theme may well cause the reader to shudder. Lurid though some of its elements are, one realises that, apart from what she may have considered the public demand for sensation, the author only uses it as a means for producing a spiritual crisis. None the less, it hampers her particular gift of expression, which is evidently more happily employed with what one may call the sub-acute emotions, and a great deal of her space is wasted in the elaborate working-out of plot, done with a conscientiousness that does not conceal its perfunctory appeal to the constructor. It is wasted, moreover, in another sense, since, on the lines of its construction, a great deal more space should be devoted to the culmination of the drama, viewed even as a spiritual crisis, than Mrs. Ward allots to it. The curtain comes down so hurriedly in the last chapters as to produce a wrecked sense of proportion, and make one more than ever regret that so much labour has been spent on our preparation for a catastrophe of which we are to learn so little. The charm that Mrs. Ward can contribute to a romance must come not from a penetrative reading of character or from constructive capacity, nor from any imaginative suffusion of reality, but from a kindly and reflective view of life, coloured by a sincere and open-minded piety. Her descriptions of

the London season as "a rest cure for aspirations and higher ambitions and anxieties and all the nobler discontents", and of love as "God's anesthetic", give a measure of what may reasonably be expected of her—a wise understanding of much with which she is not in sympathy, and a sensitive presentation of all with which she is. She ought to do better work than her latest novel, and to do it by indulging entirely her own instincts for what is of spiritual interest, and paying no heed to what is supposed to be the market demand. There is a demand for serious fineness in the treatment of life which lies hidden to a bookseller's conceptions.

"The Key of the Unknown." By Rosa Nouchette Carey. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

Even if Miss Carey had not permitted herself a gentle fling at "the twentieth-century young lady" through the mouths of two of the characters in this novel, it would have been fairly clear from its pages that she regards that heiress of all the ages with but a qualified approval. And perhaps her heroine, though she goes with a girl friend (and a chaperon, of course) to the Tate Gallery and the Walker Collection, and would therefore seem to have lived in comparatively modern times, is meant rather for a didactic fancy-portrait of what a really well-bred young lady ought to be than for a realistic study of anything young and feminine now existing in an imperfect and post-Victorian world. So regarded, it is impossible not to like the picture. It is tender and dignified, and drawn with all Miss Carey's practised art; and doubtless the twentieth-century young lady, studying it, will deduce therefrom her own detractions and put them to mending.

"A Summer Wreath." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. London: Long. 6s.

We should hardly call a row of apples a "wreath", and there is no thread or connexion between the seven short love-stories that make up this volume except a great similarity of substance and colouring. Most of them exhibit cases of what is called in this class of literature "elective affinity"; and the title of one of them, "How Doris met her Fate; a suburban romance", only needs the name changing to Janie or Gwen or Betty or Bridget to describe equally well the experience here recounted of each of those attractive young persons. The sub-title would still be quite accurate as an indication of the sentiment if not of the scene. They are wholesome and occasionally mildly picturesque stories, and they all end with the sound of wedding-bells—except the last; but then Aimée had already been married to Kenneth twice over.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Modern Astronomy." By Hubert Hall Turner. London: Constable. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

"How to Study the Stars." By L. Rudaux. Translated by A. H. Keane. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 5s. net.

There is no science that fires the imagination of the amateur like astronomy, and there is no science which so quickly frightens him away. It invites him to look into infinite depths and to discover new worlds; then it confronts him with a dull routine as a means to this wonderful end. From the beginnings of astronomy to the present day this outwardly most alluring of the sciences has progressed from discovery to discovery simply by dint of watching and recording and cataloguing small sidereal events. Keats was generalising upon a single instance when he wrote of that planet swimming into the ken of the patient watcher of the skies. Herschel was a lucky man. The other romances have been mathematical, as when Adams and Leverrier discovered Neptune. In Professor Turner's new book we have the plain unvarnished tale—a tale that concerns itself with the gradual perfection of instruments and the crystallisation of routine. There is romance, but it is not for the unimaginative multitude. It is romance of the camera, the spectroscope, the transit-circle, the altazimuth, and the almanacant. It is not dull for the general reader on that account. Professor Turner has no mercy on his ignorant readers; but, if they are not also lazy, they will like him for that very reason. Here is a welcome relief from the magic-lantern astronomy of most popular text-books.

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panion to Professor Turner's book. Being prepared by Professor Turner to take his subject seriously, the amateur will be ready to receive practical suggestion and instruction in the actual use of instruments. "How to Study the Stars" is exactly the book he will be looking for. It contains lucid advice and good diagrams. It will serve the purpose of a man who is well equipped with instruments as well as the man who has not even a telescope. In fact, the amateur will find here a veritable Baedeker of the skies, quite reliable and up to date.

"Criminal Types in Shakespeare." By August Goll. Translated by Mrs. Weeks. London: Methuen. 1909. 5s. net.

Mr. Goll is Chief Magistrate of Aarhus, Denmark, and is, as he ought to be in such a position, interested in the study of criminology. But he is at the opposite poles from Lombroso in his view of the criminal. He distrusts, as well he may, all attempts to range criminals in categories, as if they could be ranged as classes, sub-classes, species of the human race with the delicacy of the classifier of animals and plants. The exact opposite is Mr. Goll's view. "Lombroso's characteristics", he says, "may perhaps be applied to a small group of strongly degenerated criminals closely approaching the feeble-minded and insane", but generally speaking the criminal acts for the sake of ordinary human aims, out of ordinary human motives. He who understands, therefore, human nature best is best qualified to reveal to us what the criminal mind really is, and the origin and development of crimes. Shakespeare has a gallery of criminals' portraits. There are Brutus and Cassius, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Richard III. and Iago. We do not know why Mr. Goll treats Othello as a victim; he was surely as much a murderer as the others, and murder of wives for unfaithfulness real or supposed is quite a common motive. Mr. Goll appears to prove murder to be so normal that, except in cases of insanity where no doctor would hesitate to certify, we can go on treating murderers very much as we have been used to do. We cannot follow Mr. Goll in his appeals for the better understanding of criminals, because, granted we sympathise with Brutus and Cassius, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth or Othello in the strong temptations they were under to commit murder, does that suggest they ought not to be hanged? Practically Mr. Goll's book does not enlighten us much, but as a literary study of a set of Shakespearean characters it is worth reading.

(Continued on page 574.)

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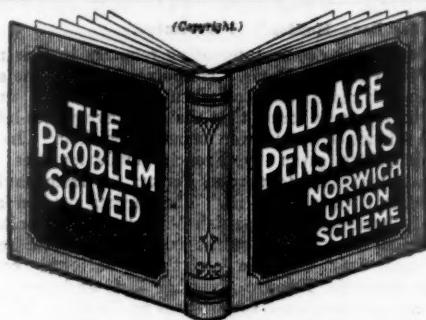
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"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 1 November.

M. Charmes has some interesting remarks in this number on the Ferrer riots in Paris. He points out that the authors of the French manifestations when they looked on the other side of the Pyrenees found that their extravagances left their Spanish friends cold, and even embarrassed them. The insulting instructions given by French revolutionaries to the Spanish Government to pardon Ferrer, far from having the effect desired, served him ill. The threats uttered against them only hardened the Spanish Ministry against clemency. The Spanish people too are the last in the world to relish interference from outside in their national concerns. Madame Marcello Tinayre gives her fifth and, we suppose, concluding article on her experiences in Turkey. M. Faguet has an appreciative paper on Michel de Bourges. Le Marquis de Ségur treats again the well-worn subject of Turgot's disgrace and dismissal from office. He quotes an interesting criticism of that great man by Malesherbes to the effect that he was a bad administrator, as he only knew men through books.

THEOLOGY.

"*A Commentary of the Holy Bible.*" By Various Writers. Edited by J. R. Dummelow. Complete in one volume. London: Macmillan. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

In the days of our childhood a Bible and commentary in one volume was the accompaniment of every respectable home; the particular volume most vividly present to our own memory was large and heavy, with illustrations which enthralled us, and a commentary which did not, because even then we could see that it skipped the difficult passages and gave wearisome sermons on those that were easy. Mr. Dummelow's Commentary is a more business-like piece of work; by the excision of the Bible text and by the use of thin paper he has brought it to a moderate size and a low price, and he has succeeded in producing one of the most useful books for a layman that we have ever seen. It is indeed more a companion to the Bible than a commentary on it; the introductions to the various books are comparatively full, but the comments on individual verses have been reduced to a minimum, so that we cannot rely on having every difficult text explained. The list of contributors shows a number of names high in the ranks of Biblical scholarship, and, what is more to the point, all the writers seem to have put their best into the work, and the result is a singularly even tone throughout the book. The critical position adopted is much the same as that in Dr. Hastings' Dictionary, perhaps a trifle more conservative; but a warm welcome is given to all the new light which science and criticism can throw upon Biblical problems, especially in the Old Testament. Altogether it is an admirable book to recommend to a busy man who is anxious not simply to read his Bible but to understand it. It is carefully printed on the whole, but we have noticed two mistakes: p. 625, col. 2, l. 7, "not desirable" is surely a slip for "most desirable"; and on p. 735, "Easter Eve" should be altered into "Easter Evening" or "the evening of Easter Day".

"*The Faith and Works of Christian Science.*" By the Writer of "*Confessio Medicis.*" London: Macmillan. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

The writer of "*Confessio Medicis*" shows a good talent for controversy, and Christian Science has received a series of very damaging blows at his hands. He is not free from the besetting sin of controversialists, the sin of pressing his case too hard. His examination of the faith of Christian Science might well have been softened and compressed; there is too much repetition, explanation, and exposure of the nonsense which it propounds as philosophy; it would have been more effective if the quotations had been longer and the comments shorter; and, on the other hand, Mrs. Eddy's interesting excursion into etymology by deriving "Adam from the Latin *demens*, meaning madness, to undo, to spoil" (p. 58, n.) surely deserved a prominent place in the text instead of being banished to a footnote. He is more successful in his attack on the practical working of Christian Science; the long list of its successes and failures which he has tabulated forms a valuable series of data for judging the movement; successful at times in the treatment of functional disorder, it is powerless before organic disease. A philosophy of life which is blind to the existence of pain amongst the lower animals, and an ethical system which encourages the hideously cruel cases of neglect here enumerated, would seem to the ordinary reader self-condemned; but, alas, there seems no limit to the amount of nonsensical and mischievous teaching which will be swallowed by men and women who are in most respects shrewd enough.

"*The Church of the Apostles: being an Outline of the History of the Church of the Apostolic Age.*" ("The Church Universal") By L. Ragg. London: Rivingtons. 1909. 4s. 6d. net.

This volume hardly reaches the level of the other volumes in the series. The author, indeed, knows his subject well, though not more than well; and he writes carefully, often gracefully. It is not his knowledge or his style that we feel bound to criticise; it is his point of view and the way in which he has approached his work. He has set himself to write a history of the Apostolic age from the orthodox High Church point of view—and far be it from us to quarrel with him for that; but he ought to have done more: he ought to have assimilated critical methods, or at least to have explained to his readers what problems and questions and difficulties have been raised by modern critics over incidents which he relates quite smoothly, without a word of comment. The consequence is that his book is not more than a handy companion to the New Testament; it will not teach the student much that he does not know already, nor is it likely to convince any reader whose views differ from the author's. He has written not so much to instruct as to edify; he has not produced a volume of history, rather a series of addresses suitable to an afternoon congregation in church—possibly the friends in Venice to whom the book is dedicated.

"*The Wisdom of Solomon, in the Revised Version.*" With Introduction and Notes by J. A. F. Gregg. (The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

We are glad that the editors of this series are including the books of the Apocrypha in their commentaries; it is true indeed that they are rather slow about it. The first book of Maccabees appeared in 1897, and the book of Wisdom has only come to keep it company this year; we sincerely hope that other books will follow at somewhat shorter intervals. But few books are more interesting and valuable for the light they throw on the New Testament than Wisdom, and it is a real gain for the average student to have a handy edition of the book with a good introduction and short notes. We have nothing but praise for the excellent commentary which Mr. Gregg has compiled. It fully maintains the reputation of the Cambridge Bible for Schools.

For this Week's Books see pages 576 and 578.

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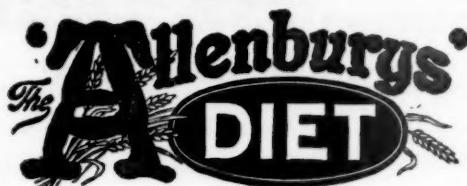
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(Continued on page 578.)

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